

THE
Ladies Magazine;

FOR AUGUST, 1792.

Particulars of the MISCHIANZA, exhibited in AMERICA at the Departure of General HOWE—In a Letter from an Officer at PHILADELPHIA to his Correspondent in LONDON.

Philadelphia, May 23, 1778.

FOR the first time in my life I write to you with unwillingness. The ship that carries home Sir William Howe will convey this letter to you; and not even the pleasure of conversing with my friend can secure me from the general dejection I see around me, or remove the share I must take in the universal regret and disappointment which his approaching departure hath spread throughout the whole army. We see him taken from us at a time when we most stand in need of so skilful and popular a commander; when the experience of three years, and the knowledge he hath acquired of the country and people, have added to the confidence

we always placed in his conduct and abilities. You know he was ever a favourite with the military; but the affection and attachment which the ranks of officers in this army bear him can only be known by those who have at this time seen them in their effects. I do not believe there is upon record an instance of a commander in chief having so universally endeared himself to those under his command; or of one who received such signal and flattering proofs of their love. That our sentiments might be the more universally and unequivocally known, it was resolved amongst us, that we should give him as splendid an entertainment as the shortness of the time, and our present situation, would allow us. For the expences, the whole army would have most cheerfully contributed; but it was requisite to draw the line somewhere, and twenty-two field-officers joined in a subscription adequate to the plan they meant

meant to adopt. I know your curiosity will be raised on this occasion; I shall therefore give you as particular an account of our *Miscbianza* as I have been able to collect. From the name you will perceive that it was made up of a variety of entertainments. Four of the gentlemen subscribers were appointed managers—Sir John Wrottesley, Col. O'Hara, Major Gardiner, and Montrefor, the chief engineer. On the tickets of admission, which they gave out for Monday the 18th, was engraved, in a shield, a view of the sea, with the setting sun, and on a wreath, the words *Luceo discedens, auget splendore resurgam*. At top was the general's crest, with *vive vale!* All round the shield ran a vignette, and various military trophies filled up the ground. A grand regatta began the entertainment. It consisted of three divisions. In the first was the Ferret galley, having on board several General Officers, and a number of Ladies. In the centre was the Hussar galley, with Sir William and Lord Howe, Sir Henry Clinton, the officers of their suite, and some Ladies. The Cornwallis galley brought up the rear, having on board General Knyphausen and his suite, three British Generals, and a party of Ladies. On each quarter of these galleys, and forming their division, were five flat boats, lined with green cloth, and filled with Ladies and Gentlemen. In front of the whole were three flat boats, with a band of music in each—Six barges rowed about each flank, to keep off the swarm

of boats that covered the river from side to side. The galleys were dressed out in a variety of colours and streamers, and in each flat boat was displayed the flag of its own division. In the stream opposite the centre of the city, the Fanny armed ship, magnificently decorated, was placed at anchor, and at some distance ahead lay his Majesty's ship Roebuck, with the Admiral's flag hoisted at the fore-top mast head. The transport ships extending in a line the whole length of the town, appeared with colours flying, and crowded with spectators, as were also the openings of the several wharfs on shore, exhibiting the most picturesque and enlivening scene the eye could desire. The rendezvous was at Knight's Wharf, at the northern extremity of the city. By half after four the whole company were embarked, and the signal being made by the Vigilant's manning ship, the three divisions rowed slowly down, preserving their proper intervals, and keeping time to the music that led the fleet. Arrived between the Fanny and the Market Wharf, a signal was made from one of the boats ahead, and the whole lay upon their oars, while the music played *God save the King*, and three cheers given from the vessels were returned from the multitude on shore. By this time the flood-tide became too rapid for the galleys to advance; they were therefore quitted, and the company disposed of in the different barges. This alteration broke in upon the order of procession, but

was

was necessary to give sufficient time for displaying the entertainment that was prepared on shore. The landing place was at the Old Fort, a little to the southward of the town, fronting the building prepared for the reception of the company, about 400 yards from the water by a gentle ascent. As soon as the General's barge was seen to push for the shore, a salute of 17 guns was fired from the Roebuck, and, after some interval, by the same number from the Vigilant. The company, as they disembarked, arranged themselves into a line of procession, and advanced through an avenue formed by two files of grenadiers, and a line of lighthorse supporting each file. This avenue led to a square lawn of 150 yards on each side, lined with troops and properly prepared for the exhibition of a tilt and tournament, according to the customs and ordinances of ancient chivalry. We proceeded through the centre of the square. The music, consisting of all the bands of the army, moved in front. The Managers, with favours of blue and white ribbands in their breasts, followed next in order. The General, Admiral, and the rest of the company succeeded promiscuously.

In front appeared the building, bounding the view through a vista formed by two triumphal arches, erected at proper intervals in a line with the landing place. Two pavilions, with rows of benches, rising one above the other, and serving as the advanced wings of the first triumphal arch, received the Ladies, while the

Gentlemen arranged themselves in convenient order on each side. On the front seat of each pavilion were placed seven of the principal young Ladies of the country, dressed in Turkish habits, and wearing in their turbans the favours with which they meant to reward the several Knights who were to contend in their honour. These arrangements were scarce made when the sound of trumpets was heard at a distance; and a band of Knights, dressed in ancient habits of white and red silk, and mounted on grey horses, richly caparisoned in trappings of the same colours, entered the lists, attended by their Esquires on foot, in suitable apparel, in the following order:—Four trumpeters, properly habited, their trumpets decorated with small pendent banners—A herald in his robe of ceremony; on his tunic was the device of his band, two roses intertwined, with the motto, *We droop when separated*.

Lord Cathcart, superbly mounted on a managed horse, appeared as chief of these Knights; two young black slaves, with sashes and drawers of blue and white silk, wearing large silver clasps round their necks and arms, their breasts and shoulders bare, held his stirrups. On his right hand walked Capt. Hazard, and on his left Capt. Brownlow, his two Esquires, one bearing his lance, the other his shield.

His device was Cupid riding on a Lion, the Motto, *Surmounted by Love*. His Lordship appeared in honour of Miss Auchmuty.

Then

Then came in order the Knights of his band, each attended by his Squire, bearing his lance and shield.

1st Knight, Hon. Capt. Cathcart, in honour of Miss N. White.—Squire, Capt. Peters. Device, a heart and sword; Motto, *Love and Honour*.

2d Knight, Lieut. Bygrove, in honour of Miss Craig.—Squire, Lieut. Nichol.—Device, Cupid tracing a Circle; Motto, *Without end*.

3d Knight, Capt. Andre, in honour of Miss P. Chew.—Squire, Lieut. Andre.—Device, two Game-cocks fighting; Motto, *No Rival*.

4th Knight, Capt. Horneck, in honour of Miss N. Redman.—Squire, Lieut. Talbot.—Device, a burning Heart; Motto, *Absence cannot extinguish*.

5th Knight, Capt. Matthews, in honour of Miss Bond.—Squire, Lieut. Hamilton.—Device, a winged Heart; Motto, *Each Fair by Turns*.

6th Knight, Lieut. Sloper, in honour of Miss M. Shippen.—Squire, Lieut. Brown.—Device, a Heart and Sword; Motto, *Honour and the Fair*.

After they had made the circuit of the square, and saluted the Ladies as they passed before the pavilions, they ranged themselves in a line with that in which were the Ladies of their Device; and their Herald (Mr. Beaumont,) advancing into the centre of the square, after a flourish of trumpets, proclaimed the following challenge: "The Knights of the Blended Rose, by me their

Herald, proclaim and assert that the Ladies of the Blended Rose excel in wit, beauty, and every accomplishment, those of the *whole world*; and should any Knight or Knights be so hardy as to dispute or deny it, they are ready to enter the lists with them, and maintain their assertions by deeds of arms, according to the laws of ancient chivalry."

At the third repetition of the challenge the sound of trumpets was heard from the opposite side of the square; and another Herald, with four Trumpeters, dressed in black and orange, galloped into the lists. He was met by the Herald of the Blended Rose, and after a short parley they both advanced in front of the pavilions, when the Black Herald (Lieut. More) ordered his trumpets to sound, and then proclaimed defiance to the challenge in the following words:

"The Knights of the Burning Mountain present themselves here, not to contest by words, but to disprove by deeds, the vain-glorious assertions of the Knights of the Blended Rose, and enter these lists to maintain, that the Ladies of the Burning Mountain are not excelled in beauty, virtue, or accomplishments, by any in the universe."

He then returned to the part of the barrier through which he had entered; and shortly after the Black Knights, attended by their Squires rode into the lists in the following order:

Four Trumpeters preceding the Herald, on whose tunic was represented a mountain, sending forth

forth flames.—Motto, *I burn for ever.*

Captain Watson, of the guards, as Chief, dressed in a magnificent suit of black and orange silk, and mounted on a black managed horse, with trappings of the same colours with his own dress, appeared in honour of Miss Franks. He was attended in the same manner as Lord Cathcart. Capt. Scot bore his lance, and Lieut. Lyttleton his shield. The Device, a Heart, with a wreath of Flowers; Motto, *Love and Glory.*

1st Knight, Lieut. Underwood, in honour of Miss S. Shippen.—Squire, Ensign Haverkam.—Device, a Pelican feeding her young; Motto, *For those I love.*

2d Knight, Lieut. Winyard, in honour of Miss P. Shippen.—Squire, Capt. Boscawen.—Device, a Bay-leaf; Motto, *Unchangeable.*

3d Knight, Lieut. Delaval, in honour of Miss B. Bond.—Squire, Capt. Thorne.—Device, a Heart, aimed at by several arrows, and struck by one; Motto, *One only pierces me.*

4th Knight, Monsieur Montluisant, (Lieut. of the Hessian Chasseurs) in honour of Miss B. Redman.—Squire, Capt. Campbell.—Device, a Sun-flower turned towards the Sun; Motto, *Je vise a vous.*

5th Knight, Lieut. Hobbart, in honour of Miss S. Chew.—Squire, Lieut. Briscoe.—Device, Cupid piercing a Coat of Mail with his Arrow; Motto, *Proof to all but Love.*

6th Knight, Brigade-Major Tarlton, in honour of Miss W.

Smith.—Squire, Ensign Heart.—Device, a Light Dragoon; Motto, *Swift, vigilant, and bold.*

After they had rode round the lists, and made their obeisance to the Ladies, they drew up fronting the White Knights; and the Chief of these having thrown down his gauntlet, the Chief of the Black Knights directed his Esquire to take it up. The Knights then received their lances from their Esquires, fixed their shields on their left arms, and making a general salute to each other, by a very graceful movement of their lances, turned round to take their career, and encountering in full gallop, thivered their spears. In the second and third encounter they discharged their pistols. In the fourth they fought with their swords. At length the two Chiefs, spurring forward into the centre, engaged furiously in single combat, till the marshal of the Field (Major Gwyne) rushed in between the Chiefs, and declared that the Fair Damsels of the Blended Rose and Burning Mountain were perfectly satisfied with the proofs of love, and the signal feats of valour, given by their respective Knights; and commanded them, as they prized the future favours of their Mistresses, that they would instantly desist from further combat. Obedience being paid by the Chiefs to this order, they joined their respective bands. The White Knights and their attendants filed off to the left, the Black Knights to the right; and, after passing each other at the lower side of the quadrangle, moved up alternately,

ternately, till they approached the pavilions of the Ladies, when they gave a general salute.

A passage being now opened between the two pavilions, the Knights, preceded by their Squires and the bands of music, rode through the first triumphal arch, and arranged themselves to the right and left. This arch was erected in honour of Lord Howe. It presented two fronts, in the Tuscan order; the pediment was adorned with various naval trophies, and at top was the figure of Neptune, with a trident in his right hand. In a nich, on each side, stood a Sailor with a drawn cutlass. Three plumes of Feathers were placed on the summit of each wing, and in the entablature was this inscription: *Laus illi debetur, et alme gratia major.* The interval between the two arches was an avenue 300 feet long, and 34 broad. It was lined on each side with a file of troops; and the colours of all the army, planted at proper distances, had a beautiful effect in diversifying the scene. Between these colours the Knights and Squires took their stations. The Bands continued to play several pieces of martial music. The company moved forward in procession, with the Ladies in the Turkish habits in front; as these passed, they were saluted by their Knights, who then dismounted and joined them: and in this order we were all conducted into a garden that fronted the house, through the second triumphal arch, dedicated to the General. This arch was also built in the

Tuscan order. On the interior part of the pediment was painted a Plume of Feathers, and various military trophies. At top stood the figure of Fame, and in the entablature this device,—*I, bone, quo virtus tuate vocet; I pede fausto.* On the right hand pillar was placed a bomb-shell, and on the left a flaming heart. The front next the house was adorned with preparations for a fire-work. From the garden we ascended a flight of steps, covered with carpets, which led into a spacious hall; the pannels, painted in imitation of Sienna marble, enclosing festoons of white marble: the surbase, and all below, was black. In this hall, and in the adjoining apartments, were prepared tea, lemonade, and other cooling liquors, to which the company seated themselves; during which time the Knights came in, and on the knee received their favours from their respective Ladies. One of these rooms was afterwards appropriated for the use of the Pharaoh table; as you entered it you saw, on a pannel over the chimney, a Cornucopia, exuberantly filled with flowers of the richest colours; over the door, as you went out, another represented itself, shrunk, reversed, and emptied.

From these apartments we were conducted up to a ball-room, decorated in a light elegant stile of painting. The ground was a pale blue, pannelled with a small gold bead, and in the interior filled with dropping festoons of flowers in their natural colours. Below the surbase the ground was
of

of rose-pink, with drapery festooned in blue. These decorations were heightened by 85 mirrors, decked with rose-pink silk ribbands, and artificial flowers; and in the intermediate spaces were 34 branches with wax-lights, ornamented in a similar manner.

On the same floor were four drawing-rooms, with side-boards of refreshments, decorated and lighted in the same stile and taste as the ball-room. The ball was opened by the Knights and their Ladies; and the dances continued till ten o'clock, when the windows were thrown open, and a magnificent bouquet of rockets began the fire-works. These were planned by Capt. Montreor, the chief engineer, and consisted of twenty different exhibitions, displayed under his direction with the happiest success, and in the highest stile of beauty. Towards the conclusion, the interior part of the triumphal arch was illuminated amidst an uninterrupted flight of rockets and bursting of balloons. The military trophies on each side assumed a variety of transparent colours. The shell and flaming heart on the wings sent forth Chinese fountains, succeeded by fire pots. Fame appeared at top, spangled with stars, and from her trumpet blowing the following device in letters of light: *Tes Lauriers sent immortels*.—A sauteur of rockets, bursting from the pediment, concluded the *feu d'artifice*.

At twelve supper was announced, and large folding doors, hitherto artfully concealed, being

suddenly thrown open, discovered a magnificent saloon of 210 feet by 40, and 22 feet in height, with three alcoves on each side, which served for side boards. The cieling was the segment of a circle, and the sides were painted of a light straw-colour, with vine leaves and festoon flowers, some in a bright, some in a darkish green. Fifty-six large pier-glasses, ornamented with green silk artificial flowers and ribbands; 120 branches with three lights in each, trimmed in the same manner as the mirrors; 18 lustres, each with 24 lights, suspended from the cieling, and ornamented as the branches; 300 wax-tapers disposed along the supper tables; 430 covers, 1200 dishes; 24 black slaves, in oriental dresses, with silver collars and bracelets, ranged in two lines, and bending to the ground as the General and Admiral approached the saloon: all these, forming together the most brilliant assemblage of gay objects, and appearing at once as we entered by an easy descent, exhibited a *coup d'oeil* beyond description magnificent.

Towards the end of supper, the Herald of the Blended Rose, in his habit of ceremony, attended by his trumpets, entered the saloon, and proclaimed the King's health, the Queen, and Royal Family, the Army and Navy, with their respective Commanders, the Knights and their Ladies, the Ladies in general: each of these toasts was followed by a flourish of music. After supper were turned to the ball-room, and continued

continued to dance till four o'clock.

Such, my dear friend, is the description, though a very faint one, of the most splendid entertainment, I believe, ever given by an army to their General. But what must be more grateful to Sir W. Howe, is the spirit and motives from which it was given. He goes from this place to-morrow; but, as I understand he means to stay a day or two with his brother on board the Eagle at Billingsport, I shall not seal this letter till I see him depart from Philadelphia.

Sunday 24th. I am just returned from conducting our beloved General to the water-side, and have seen him receive a more flattering testimony of the love and attachment of his army, than all the pomp and splendor of the *Mischianza* could convey to him. I have seen the most gallant of our officers, and those whom I least suspected of giving such instances of their affection, shed tears while they bid him farewell. The gallant and affectionate General of the Hessians, Knyphausen, was so moved, that he could not finish a compliment he began to pay him in his own name and that of his Officers who attended him. Sir Henry Clinton attended him to the wharf, where Lord Howe received him into his barge, and they are both gone down to Billingsport. On my return, I saw nothing but dejected countenances.

Adieu, &c.



To the EDITORS of the LADIES
MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

In perusing a book of Miscellanies, a few days ago, I met with the following curious Sermon on Marriage, which if you think worthy of inserting, it is very much at your service.

I am, &c.

A SUBSCRIBER.

A short SERMON on MARRIAGE.

Addressed to young Ladies under twenty, and aged Gentlemen upwards of one hundred.

THAT marriage is an honourable estate and replete with bliss, where a proper alliance is formed, none I presume will pretend to controvert. Marriage is that mystical union of soul and body which produces happiness superlatively great, and the basis and support of every constitution; (by the word constitution I would not be understood to mean the habit and temperament of the body; but a state or government.) Marriage is that wise institution, which affords us an opportunity of gratifying our most ardent passions in an honourable and laudable manner, and sweetens every enjoyment and pleasure this life can afford: but beware, ye old men, and ye young maids, of being mistaken; it is not every one who enters into the conjugal state, who finds this delectable happiness: no, that depends upon the disposition of the objects themselves,

themselves, and in making a prudent choice, and forming a proper alliance.

By a prudent choice, I mean they who can discover in the object of their desire a similarity of sentiments and disposition; who can raise and support a passion, which has friendship and mutual love for its basis, and is not built upon the weak foundation of an impetuous and transient imagination; and when there is not only a union of hands, but a union of souls, and a consistent harmony of mental ideas: when this is the case, discord will keep at an awful distance, and an universal sympathy, productive of an ineffable bliss, will ever attend them; in prosperity, they will smile upon each other with mutual joy and satisfaction: and in the dire season of adversity their reciprocal sympathetic looks and soothing tenderness, will tend to alleviate their affliction, and render their calamities supportable: O happiness divine! source of concordant minds! who, but could wish to enjoy such mysterious blessings? who, but would glory in these golden chains in preference to the idea of celibacy!

Thus having briefly considered the pleasures of a matrimonial life, if wisely and discreetly undertaken; I would now address myself to those men who have waded through an ocean of troubles, and have witnessed upwards of one hundred revolving seasons; to those whom the ravages of old Time has robbed of every external charm, which has a tendency to inspire youthful hearts replete

with amorous fire, with sensations of extatic love; to those whose silver locks and wrinkled face inevitably bespeak the number of days: whose trembling hands and tottering joints refuse to perform their respective functions; and whose tempers are soured with one hundred years of perplexity, and the weakness and inactivity of a worn-down constitution; to these, I say, I would address myself; and recommend to them, instead of a young wife, the perusal of sacred writ, a serious reflection on past times; and a hearty desire of preparing for another world as the only object of their pursuit: I would have them arouse from their state of lethargy and infatuation; open their eyes, and behold grim Death at their elbow just going to give the fatal blow: and a gaping grave ready to receive their superannuated bones: such thoughts as these, methinks, should unfit them for cultivating the idea of a matrimonial voyage at their time of life, when they cannot be ignorant of their inability to perform it.

Can men of this description expect to find happiness in wedlock? can these grey-bearded dotards, frozen with age, enjoy the amorous fire, and vivacity of ardent and passionate youth? Is it possible, is it consonant to nature and reason, to suppose, that the ideas of antiquity, and mature experience, can be reconciled to the extravagant and erroneous notions of youth, and inexperience? Impossible! it cannot be! fire and water in conjunction, hiss, and bespeak their union disagreeable;
black

black and white, when mixed, make but a very imperfect colour; and will not opposite tempers and dispositions, when united, produce similar effects? most certainly they will, and in such a situation, to expect that permanent felicity which should be the concomitant of the conjugal state, would be the extravagance and superfluity of folly and madness.

* *"As well two mountains of Peru
might meet,
And mix their dross to make the bon-
dage sweet."*

From what has been already observed, I am pretty well persuaded, those gentlemen whose second infancy has commenced, must be assured of the impracticability of joining the old frozen trembling hand of December, to the warm vivid blossoming hand of May.

I shall forbear entering into farther particulars on this head, and address myself now to those youthful virgins whom time hath yet scarcely rendered mature; ye who are just in the blossom of life, be cautious how you sacrifice affection to the idea of enjoying an old man's fortune; in many instances you may find yourselves deluded, your old dotard may survive half another century: we read in history that in the year 1635, one William Parr was presented to the king who enjoyed a perfect state of health though one hundred and fifty-two years of age; now if your great-grandfather husband, should be inclined

to follow the example of Mr. Parr; you will be in your seventieth year or upwards before you become possessed of his fortune yourselves: and then the same motives which actuated you to marry, may influence some young spark to make his court to you.

Thus you see my fair ones, how inconsistent it is to form so improper an alliance; and how liable you are to be deceived; besides, in so doing you will very justly draw upon yourselves the whole artillery of censure: common sense cannot be deceived in a matter so palpable; every person will readily divine the real cause of such an incompatible union; and will not fail to assert their sentiments pretty freely: in short you will become the conversation of every fool, and the derision of every wise and prudent person.

To conclude. Ye old venerable fathers, pray to God, to guard your aged hearts, and render them invulnerable by the arrows of infatuated love and stupid dotage; supplicate the Deity to remove that dark mist which obscures your understanding, and leaves you obnoxious to the arts and wiles of mercenary females: address the Omnipotent to shorten the number of your days; and lay down your feeble frame in peace and quietness; so shall you escape the many mortifications and perplexities which will unavoidably result from so imprudent an alliance.

Ye youthful damsels whose warm hearts and gay deportment expect, and call for a husband

of

* Watts (*a memoria.*)

of a similar turn; select out a man whose disposition is perfectly agreeable to your own, let there be one heart, one soul, and one inclination subsist between you; let the desires of the one be the most ardent with the other; and thus, by a happy sympathy and mutual affection, life will glide smoothly on, your days will be crowned with joy and satisfaction, and your nights productive of reciprocal delights: do not sacrifice youth and beauty, and all the inestimable blessings of a sincere and generous flame, which is the result of an unanimity of sentiment; to a mean and avaricious principle, for by so doing you will plunge yourselves into misery, probably miss of the enjoyment you aimed at, and expose yourselves to the contempt and ridicule of a censorious world.

THOUGHTS ON WOMEN, by
a CELEBRATED WRITER.

WOMAN is a very nice and a very complicated machine. Her springs are infinitely delicate, and differ from those of man pretty nearly as the works of a repetition-watch does from that of a town-clock. Look at her body; how delicately formed! Examine her senses; how exquisite and nice! Observe her understanding; how subtle and acute! But look into her heart; there is the watch-work, composed of parts so minute in themselves, and so wonderfully combined, that they must be seen by a microscop-

ic eye to be clearly comprehended.

The perception of a woman is as quick as lightning. Her penetration is intuition. The philosopher deduces inferences; and his inferences shall be right; but he gets to the head of the staircase, if I may so say, by slow degrees, and mounting step by step. She arrives at the top of the staircase as well as he; but whether she leaped or flew there, is more than she knows herself. While she trusts her instinct, she is scarce ever deceived; she is generally lost when she attempts to reason.

As the perception of women is surprising quick; so their souls and imaginations are uncommonly susceptible. Few of them has talents enough to write; but when they do, how lively are their pictures! How animated their descriptions! But if few women write, they all talk; and every man may judge of them in this point, from every circle he goes into. Spirit in conversation depends entirely upon fancy: and women all over the world talk better than men.—Have they a character to pourtray, or a figure to describe? they give but three traits of either one or the other, and the character is known, or the figure placed before your eyes.—Why? from the susceptibility of their imaginations: their fancies receive lively impressions from those principal traits, and they paint those impressions with the same vivacity with which they received them. I remember seeing an English lady at Geneva who had just come out of Italy.

Italy. She painted the passage of the Alps in six phrases better than I could have done in a fortnight's labour upon paper.

I look upon it that the elements are not only differently mixed in women from what they are in men, but that they are almost of different sorts—Their fire is purer; their clay is more refined. The difference, I think, may be about the same that there is between air and æther, between culinary and electrical fire. The ætherial spirit is not given perhaps in so large a portion to women as to men; but it is a more subtle, and it is a finer spirit. Let a woman of fancy be warm in conversation, she shall produce a hundred charming images, among which there shall not be one indelicate or coarse. Warm a man on the same subject; he will possibly find stronger illusions, but they shall neither be so brilliant nor so chaste.

As to gracefulness of expression, it belongs almost exclusively to women.

But men, you say, have sounder judgments. That they unquestionably have; and for that, I confess, I never could see but one reason, the difference of their education. To the age of thirteen or fourteen, girls are every where superior to boys. At fourteen a boy begins to get some advantages over a girl, and he continues to improve, by means of education, till three or four and twenty, possibly till thirty. Her education, such as it is, is over at eighteen. He has all the fountains of knowledge opened to him; interest to

stimulate him to exercise his part; rivals to emulate; opponents to conquer.—His talents are always on the stretch. To this he adds the advantage of travel; and if he even should not go abroad, he can enter into an infinite number of houses frequently, when she can be permitted to go into but few. A sound judgment cannot be formed but by continual exercise, and frequent comparisons. It is impossible for a woman to have these advantages; and thence, I believe, the principal cause of the inferiority of their judgments. The liveliness of their fancies and of their feelings, you will say, contributes also to weaken their powers of judging.—That probably does enter for something; but education must be the grand cause; for how many men are there among your acquaintance, who join solid judgments to fine feelings and warm imaginations.

Take a man and a woman who have never been out of the village in which they were born, and neither of whom knows how to read; I question very much if his discrete faculties will be found to be stronger than her's.

As judgment then can come but from knowledge, I will readily agree, that the number of women who have solid judgment is very small. But if I do not contend for them on this point as equal to men, I believe you will not dispute the superior sensibility of their souls. Their feelings are certainly more exquisite than those of men; and their sentiments greater and more refined. Though the severity, ill-temper.
neglect

neglect and perfidy of men often force women to have recourse to dissimulation; yet when they have noble characters to deal with, how sincere and ardent is their love! how delicate and solid their attachment! Woman is not near so selfish a creature as man. When a man is in love, the object of his passion is, if I may so say, himself.—When a woman is enamoured of a man, she forgets herself, the world, and all that it contains, and wishes to exist only for the object of her affection. How few men make any violent sacrifices to sentiment? But how many women does every man know, who have sacrificed fortune and honours to noble, pure and disinterested motives!

A man mounts a breach; he braves danger and obtains a victory. This is glorious and great. He has served his country; he has acquired fame, preferment, riches. Wherever he appears, respect awaits him, admiration attends him, crowds press to meet him, and theatres receive him with bursts of applause. His glory dies not with him. History preserves his memory from oblivion. That thought cheers his dying hour; and his last words pronounced with feeble pleasure are, "I shall not all die."

A woman sends her husband to the war; she lived but 'in' that husband. Her soul goes with him. She trembles for the dangers of the sea; she trembles for the dangers of the land. Every billow that swells she thinks is to be his tomb; every ball that flies she imagines is directed a-

gainst 'him.' A brilliant capital appears to her a dreary desert; her universe was a man; and that man's life, her terrors tell her, is in danger. Her days are days of sorrow; her nights are sleepless nights. Her mornings she sits immovable, in all the dignity and composure of grief, like Agrippina in her chair; and when at night she seeks repose, repose has fled her couch: the silent tears steal down her cheek, and wet her pillow; or if by chance exhausted nature finds an hour's slumber, her fancy, sickened by her distempered soul, sees in that sleep a bleeding lover or his mangled corpse. Time passes and her grief increases; till, worn out at length by too much tenderness, she falls the victim of too exquisite a sensibility, and sinks with sorrow to the grave.

No, cold unfeeling reader, these are not pictures of 'my' creation.—They are neither charged nor embellished; but both copied faithfully from nature.

—♦♦♦♦♦—
The ESSAYIST.

NUMBER III.

They cry'd no wonder such celestial charms,

For nine long years had set the world in arms;

What winning graces! what majestic mien!

She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen. POPE'S HOMER.

MADAM Dacier, who was perhaps the most learned and sensible woman that France
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ever produced, has observed, that the above stands upon record, the greatest compliment ever paid to beauty; and that so long as Homer shall be read, it will remain a distinguished monument of the gallantry of Heathenish times and grey hairs. Madam Dacier is perfectly right, if every thing be duly considered; for Priam who was the king of Troy, was at the time I am speaking of a very old man, had most of his sons killed in that ever memorable siege, and repeatedly ran the risk of losing his own life, and all the Trojan chiefs and counsellors likewise, who were equally old with himself, had, like him, lost many of their sons and relations in the war; and like him too suffered under all the dangers and distresses of a nine years siege, were, after all, the very men to pay the above compliment to Helen; who was an alien, had been the sole cause of the war; and without any other stipulation than that of giving her up, would have put an end at once to the war and all its calamities. Rather, however, than agree to such a condition, and part for ever with so much beauty, these gallant old men determined, feeble as they were, and harrassed as they had been, not to give her up, though that might be, as in the end it actually proved to be, the destruction of Troy and of themselves! how justly then may we say here, what Dryden has so happily applied elsewhere. *None but the brave deserves the fair.*

Phryne, the Venus-formed, judge-bewitching Phryne, is another, and if possible, stronger in-

stance of the all-powerful influence of beauty; and proves a position as curious as it is important, that what is spoken to the ear, however eloquent, is never so effectually beautiful, as what is shewn to the eye. This lady was remarkable for having a face exquisitely beautiful, and a person of the most exact and perfect symmetry, insomuch, that all the statues of Venus were then made after her much admired, but, universally allowed, matchless model. In consequence, however, of repeated riots having been raised, and some lives lost, at her apartment, an action was brought against her by order of the court of Athens, and the great Demosthenes, that thunder-bolt of eloquence, retained against her. Hyperides, who was the second orator of his time, and Phryne's particular favourite, immediately on hearing of the prosecution, undertook, with a generosity as prompt as it was noble, to plead her cause, unfeared, and even unsolicited; and when the trial came on, he endeavoured, by every argument that such transcendent beauty could inspire, to bring his fair client off. Finding, however, at length, that notwithstanding all he could say, Demosthenes, by an impassioned impetuosity of declamatory eloquence, alike irresistible with the world-overwhelming torrent at the general deluge, bore down all before him, and that the court in consequence thereof, and of the facts being fully proved, was just going to give judgment against her; Hyperides, effectually to soften the judges,

judges, without saying one word more, turned round to his fair friend, and uncovering her bosom, displayed, at once, one of the finest bosoms that eyes ever beheld! Struck with such amazing, such bewitching beauty, the hoary, and, hitherto, inflexible judges, who had determined but the moment before, to act up * to the sanguinary spirit of the laws, shew themselves the rigid dispensers of severe justice, and agreeably thereto, pass upon her the last dreadful sentence, found, in an instant, all their firmest resolves shook to the ground. Won over by such irresistible and all-conquering charms, they, as with one voice, rose, declaring, that the ruffian hands of no executioner should ever touch, much less destroy such inimitable, such ineffable beauty and loveliness, immediately acquitted her, amidst the air-rending acclamations of the surrounding multitude, frantic for the moment, with repeated bursts of the most immoderate joy.

* *The laws of Athens were so shockingly sanguinary as to draw this severe sarcasm from one person, that they were written more with blood than with ink; another person, alluding to the framer of many of them, whose name is Draco, and which is the Latin for a dragon, observed, that they were the laws rather of a dragon than of a man; and a third, understanding they punished with death every crime, even the smallest, declared, that they were fitter for the regions of Pandemonium, than a country inhabited by human beings.*

VISIT to the INFANT TEESHOO LAMA.—By Mr. TURNER.

[From the Asiatic Miscellanies.]

DURING my residence in Tibet, it was an object I had much at heart, to obtain an interview of the infant Teeshoo Lama; but the Emperor of China's general orders restricting his guards to keep him in the strictest privacy, and prohibiting indiscriminately the admission of all persons to his presence, even his votaries who should come from a distance, appeared to me an obstacle almost insurmountable; yet, however, the Rajah, mindful of the amity subsisting between the Governor and him, and unwilling, I believe, by any means, to hazard its interruption, at length contrived to get me that indulgence. As the meeting was attended with very singular and striking incidents, I could not help noticing them with the most particular attention; and though the representation of such facts, interwoven and blended as they are with superstition, may expose me to the imputation of extravagance and exaggeration, yet I should think myself reprehensible to suppress them: and while I divest myself of all prejudice, and assume the part of a faithful narrator, I hope, however tedious the detail I propose to enter into may be found, it will be received with candour, and merit the attention of those for whose perusal and information it is intended, were it only to mark a strong feature in the national character of implicit homage to the religious sovereign

reign, and to instance the very uncommon, I may say almost unheard-of, effects of early tuition. I shall, perhaps, be still more justified in making this relation, by adverting to that very extraordinary assurance the Rajah of Teeshoo Loomboo made me but a few days before my departure from his court, which without further introduction I will beg leave literally to recite. At an interview he allowed me, after having given me my audience of leave, said he,—‘ I had yesterday a vision of our tutelary deity, and to me it was a day replete with much interesting and important matter. This guardian power who inspires us with his illuminations on every momentous and great occasion, indulged me with a divination, from which we collected that every thing will be well. Set your hearts at rest; for though a separation is about to take place between us, yet our friendship will not cease to exist; but through the favour of interposing providence, you may rest assured it will increase, and terminate eventually in that which will be for the best.’—I should have paid less regard to so strange an observation, but for this reason, that however dissonant from other doctrines their positions may be found, yet I judge they are the best foundations to build our reliances upon; and superstition, combining with inclination to implant such friendly sentiments in their minds, will ever constitute, the opinion having once obtained, the strongest barrier to their preservation. Opposed to

the prejudices of a people, no plan can reasonably be expected to take place: agreeing with them, success must be the result.

“ Dec. 3, 1783, I arrived at Terpaling, situated on the summit of a high hill, and it was about noon when I entered the gates of the monastery, which was not long since erected for the reception and education of Teeshoo Lama. He resides in a palace in the centre of the monastery, which occupies about a mile of ground in circumference, and the whole is encompassed by a wall. The several buildings serve for the accommodations of 300 Gylongs appointed to perform religious services with Teeshoo Lama, until he shall be removed to the monastery and musnud of Teeshoo Loomboo. It is unusual to make visits here, or in Bootan, on the day of arrival; we therefore rested this day, only receiving and sending messages of compliment.

On the 4th, in the morning, I was allowed to visit Teeshoo Lama, and found him placed in great form upon his musnud. On the left side stood his father and mother; and on the other the person particularly appointed to wait upon his person. The musnud is a fabrick of silk cushions, piled one upon another, till the seat is elevated to the height of four feet above the floor. An embroidered silk covered the top, and the sides were decorated with pieces of silk of various colours, suspended from the upper edge, and hanging down. By the particular request of Teeshoo Lama's father,

father, Mr. Saunders and company wore the English dress. I advanced, and, as is the custom, presented a white pelong handkerchief, and delivered also into the Lama's hands the Governor's present of a string of pearls and coral, while the other things were set down before him. Having performed the ceremony of exchange of handkerchiefs with his father and mother, we took our seats on the right-hand of Teeshoo Lama.

A multitude of persons, all those ordered to escort me, were admitted to his presence, and allowed to make their prostrations. The infant Lama turned towards them, and received them all with a cheerful and significant look of complacency. His father addressed me in the Tibet language, which was explained to me by the interpreter, That Teeshoo Lama had been used to remain at rest till this time of the day, but he had awoke very early this morning, and could not be prevailed on to remain longer in bed; for, added he, the English gentlemen were arrived, and he could not sleep. During the time we were in the room, I observed the Lama's eyes were scarcely ever turned from us; and, when our cups were empty of tea, he appeared uneasy, and shrinking back his head, and contracting the skin of his brow, he kept making a noise, for he could not speak, until they were filled again. He took out of a golden cup, containing confectionary, some burnt sugar, and, stretching out his arm, made a motion to his attendants

to give them to me. He then sent some in like manner to Mr. Saunders, who was with me. I found myself, though visiting an infant, under the necessity of saying something; for it was hinted to me, that, notwithstanding he is unable to reply, it is not to be inferred that he cannot understand. However, his incapacity of answering excused me many words, and I just briefly said, that the Governor General, on receiving the news of his decease in China, was overwhelmed with grief and sorrow, and continued to lament his absence from the world, till that cloud, which had overcast the happiness of this nation, was dispelled by his appearance, and then, if possible, a greater degree of joy had taken place than he had experienced of grief on receiving the first mournful news. The Governor wished he might long continue to illuminate the world with his presence, and was hopeful that the friendship, which had formerly subsisted between them, would not be diminished, but rather that it might become still greater than before; and that, by his continuing to shew kindness to my countrymen, there might be an extensive communication between his votaries and his dependants of the British nation. The little creature turned, looked steadfastly at me with the appearance of much attention, while I spoke, and nodded with repeated but slow movements of the head, as though he understood and approved every word, but could not utter a reply. The parents, who stood by
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all the time, eyed their son with a look of affection, and a smile expressive of heart-felt joy at the propriety of the young Lama's conduct. His whole regard was turned to us: he was silent and sedate, never once looking towards his parents, as under their influence at the time; and with whatever pains his manners may have been formed so correct, yet I must own, his behaviour on this occasion appeared perfectly natural and spontaneous, and not directed by any action or sign of authority.

The scene I was here brought to take a part in was too new and extraordinary, however trivial, if not absurd, it may appear to some, not to claim from me great attention, and consequently minute remark. Teeshoo Lama is at this time about eighteen months of age. He did not speak a word, but made most expressive signs, and conducted himself with astonishing dignity and decorum. His complexion is of that hue which in England we should term rather brown, but not without colour. His features good, small black eyes, an animated expression of countenance; and altogether I thought him one of the handsomest children I had ever seen. I had but little conversation with his father. He told me he had directions to entertain me three days on account of Teeshoo Lama; and entreated me with so much earnestness to pass another on his own account, that I could not resist complying with the request. He then invited us to be present at an entertain-

ment he proposed to make at a small distance from the monastery, which invitation having accepted, we took our leave, and returned.

In the course of the afternoon I was visited by two officers of the Lama's household, both of whom are immediately attendant on his person. They sat and conversed with me some time, enquired after Mr. Bogle, whom both of them had seen, and then, remarking how extremely fortunate was the young Lama having regarded us with particular notice, observed on the very strong partiality of the former Teeshoo Lama for the English, and that the present one often tried to utter the name of the English. I encouraged the thought, hopeful that they would teach the prejudice to strengthen with his encreasing age; and they assured me, that should he, when he begins to speak, have forgot, they would early teach him to repeat the name of Hastings. On the morning of the 6th I again waited on Teeshoo Lama, to present some curiosities I had brought from Bengal. He was very much struck with a small clock, and had it held to him, watching for a long time the revolution of the moment-hand. He admired it with gravity, and without any childish motion. There was nothing in the ceremony different from the first visit. The father and mother were present. I stayed about half an hour, and retired, to return and take leave in the afternoon. The votaries of Teeshoo Lama already began to flock
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in numbers to pay their adoration to him. Few are yet admitted to his presence. Those who come, esteem it a happiness if he is but shewn to them from the window, and they are able to make their prostrations before he is removed. There came to-day a party of Kilmaaks (Calmuc Tartars), for the purpose of devotion, and to make their offerings to the Lama. When I returned from visiting him, I saw them standing at the entrance of the square in front of the palace, each with his cap off, his hands being placed together, elevated, and held even with his face. They remained upwards of half an hour in this attitude, their eyes fixed on the apartment of the Lama, and anxiety very visibly depicted in their countenances. At length I imagine he appeared to them, for they began altogether by lifting their hands still closed above their heads, then bringing them even with their faces, and after lowering them, to assist them in sinking and rising, they dropped on their knees, and struck their heads against the ground. This, with the same motions, was repeated nine times. They afterwards advanced to deliver their presents, consisting of talents of gold and silver, with the produce of their country, to the proper officers, who having received them, they retired apparently with much satisfaction. Upon enquiry I learned, that offerings made in this manner are by no means unfrequent, and in reality constitute one of the most copious sources from which the Lamas of Tibet derive their wealth.

No one thinks himself degraded by performing these humiliations. The persons I allude to, who came for this devout purpose, were attendant on a man of superior rank, that seemed to be more engrossed than the rest in the performance of the ceremony. He wore a rich satin garment, lined with fox-skins, and a cap with a tassel of scarlet silk, flowing from the centre of the crown on the sides all round, and edged with a broad band of Siberian fur.

According to appointment, I went in the afternoon to make my last visit to Teeshoo Lama. I received his dispatches for the Governor General, and from his parents two pieces of satin for the Governor with many compliments.

They presented me with a vest lined with lamb-skins, making many assurances of a long remembrance, and observing, that now Teeshoo Lama is an infant, and incapable of conversing, but they hoped to see me when he shall have become of age.



TO THE EDITORS OF THE LADIES MAGAZINE.

The following Letter came lately into my hands. I have judged it proper to send it to your Magazine for insertion. The Letter speaks so fully for its own intention and purpose, that any preface is quite unnecessary. I am, your's. C. D.

To—

DEAR SIR,

YOU are surrounded with two descriptions of people, those whom

whom you are obliged to please, and those who may think themselves obliged to please you. Between these, it cannot be supposed that *truth* will find an easy access, or that you can have leisure to find it in reflection. Amidst the bustle of gaiety and dissipation in which you are engaged, you will do me the justice to say, that I have hitherto given but little interruption to your career. I had hopes, indeed, that what was absurd would not have long been concealed from you, and that what was dangerous might have at one time or other appalled. I determined, therefore, to be silent, since the little I did advance was neither received with courtesy, nor weighed with candour. You must remember, sir, how you lost your temper at a time when you never had less cause, and when you did not perceive, that what you was pleased to call "the height of impertinence," ought in reality to have been welcomed as the overflowing of affection. Had my sentiments been erroneous, this at least might have pleaded for me. I did not, however, urge my sentiments farther at that period. I trusted that when the heat of offended pride was over, they would have occurred to you again. If they have, they do not still render this letter unnecessary, for they occurred in vain.

It is with pain and sorrow I now tell you, that I see ruin impending—nor is this the result of my observation only; but all who love you too well for flattery, see the same, and openly avow it. Your folly is no secret, for who,

indeed, has taken so much pains to divulge it as yourself?—Recollect yourself—view your whole situation—your *place* is, I grant, sufficient for all the purposes of genteel life, when enjoyed in a moderate degree; but it is dependant, dependant on your own conduct, and on the pleasure or caprice of those who appointed you to it: and remember, that if in both these cases no interruption should take place, yet it and its emoluments die with you. Your family is numerous: chiefly of that sex which can least contend with the adversities of life. How, then, have you, sir, enabled them to meet with the storm? By giving them an education in every accomplishment which is useful in life; or, where ornamental, ornamental only in the drawing room of a nobleman, or at the levee of a prince. They have some portion of beauty: and *that* you have encouraged them to heighten by the meretricious addition of paint and other articles which nature stands not in need of; which a common eye detects, and which common sense despises. You seem to have entertained an idea that an introduction to fashionable life was all that is necessary to promote their success; that titles, wealth, and rank, would soon be theirs; that their charms would attract, and their accomplishments captivate in the first circles. Vain supposition! empty and silly conceit. Is the world so very much refined in its taste, that real merit is always raised from beggary? Does genius never pine, and learning never know want?

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and if this be the fate of worth, and talents, what do you expect for pretty beggars, whose accomplishments extend no farther than the harpsichord, the dancing room, or the card table?

You are hurt, probably, at the language I now use.—The time has been when I hoped that milder suggestions would have been sufficient. But that time is past. The obligation I now discharge must be in full—it is the last I am afraid I can ever owe.—You are too precipitate in folly to give me another opportunity to warn you of consequences.

You have not been content to indulge your daughters in every fashionable expence, to exhibit them at every public place, until their persons are become so common as to attract no observation. You have played still a higher game, and, by presumptuously introducing them into company of the *very highest* rank, you appear to have cherished an idea which in any man is *ridiculous*, but in a parent, *abominable*. Was it for a *father* (think of that venerable name) to expose his children to right honourable profligates, and titled seducers? Are they likely to gratify your absurd ambition, by becoming the sons of one who holds no higher rank than that of a dependant? Was it for you to entertain the company which was lately seen in your house? Company, which the first nobility of the land could only expect to entertain? and what have you reaped from a course of this folly and madness? You have not deceived the world with an opini-

on of your wealth.—You have not persuaded your titled visitors that your daughters are heiresses. You have not convinced us that your ambition has a foundation—or that your expectations are within the compass of probability. No—but I will shock you by telling what that world says—think only what a rational being would say of your system, and you may have some guests—add to that the censures of your indignant friends—and you will be certain. You cannot suppose that men will be blind merely because you wish them to be so—you cannot convince those of the opulence of your family, who know that when you die, you will die loaded with debts, and without a single bequest to support the affectation of grandeur you have hitherto put on.

You boast of having given your daughters an education which will enable them “to shine in the first circles,” for such are your words, and such is your chimera when reduced to language. Is then the world, the fashionable world so much improved in taste and discernment, that *merit* carries every thing before it? Have they acquired that philosophy which blushes not at any defects of family, rank, and riches? And granting they had reformed their opinions in this respect, what is the education you boast of? They sing indifferently; they play the harpsichord indifferently; they are mistresses of every common game at cards; they speak a little French; they paint their faces, and have just as much knowledge of dres-

as to deform their persons by an awkward imitation of every new fashion which appears. They come into a room with a grace; they dance with a grace; they are ashamed of no company composed of persons of rank, and they live in the most perfect indifference as to all the common duties of life. Placed in a situation of difficulty, they have neither a head to dictate, nor a hand to help in any domestic concern.—They despise such of their relations as, with higher pretensions of family and wealth, content themselves with the society in which they are equals, and are satisfied with the rank in which they were born.

Such is the education you have given your daughters.—Such is the system on which you depend—depend for what? You are even weak enough—I must say mad enough to suppose, that they may become the wives of some great men. You have been long advertising them for sale at the markets of fashion and beauty; but without an offer. No bidder has appeared to gratify your ambition—for who, indeed, that has a regard to delicacy in the woman he wishes to marry, would take one who, besides the disadvantages of poverty and pride, may justly have been said to be a common article put up to sale in every public company? What else could have induced you to introduce penniless girls to such people as you have thought proper to entertain at your own house—people who accepted your invitation from a motive of curiosity; for, perhaps,

they never before had seen a complete display of what they call “city pride and poverty,” and whose sentiments, if ever they afterwards bestowed a thought on the subject, were only those of contempt and ridicule.

You may deem this expostulation most impertinent.—You may suppose that I have now amply atoned for my past silence—that I have collected my whole force of irritation into one letter to vex and torment you. But these are not the ideas I entertain—I write severely because I know that the gentle hints of friendship have proved ineffectual—the wound is already inflicted, it must be probed—you feel the smart, but are you disposed to apply the remedy? Or has pride and intimation corrupted the whole mass? Even if so, if all hope of cure be vain, I shall remain satisfied that I have done my duty. Nothing, indeed, but a wish to touch your feelings, could have actuated me in this case. Expectations neither I nor any one can have from a man who is in haste to live in embarrassment, and die in insolvency. I know not if I am the only one who has taken such a liberty with you, as the present letter may be called; but I know certainly that I am not the only one who sees your situation in its true light; or indeed who knows and views it in the same light; they only speak of it differently as they happen to be actuated by pity or contempt. a few, who are not sufficiently concerned to have either pity or contempt, make it the subject of ridicule.—It is necessary, sir, you should

should know what the world thinks, since it is on the opinion of the world rather than on the substantial basis of merit, that you build your future prospects.—What you ought to do, and think, I now leave to yourself—for you never again will hear from,

Sir, yours, &c.

L. T.

ACCOUNT of a SINGULAR CUSTOM at METELIN, with some conjectures on the antiquity of its origin. —By the Right Hon. JAMES EARL of Charlemont, President of the Royal Irish Academy.

THE women here seem to have arrogated to themselves the department and privileges of the men. Contrary to the usage of all other countries, the eldest daughter here inherits, and the sons like daughters every where else, are portioned off with small dowers, or, which is still worse, turned out penniless, to seek their fortune. If a man has two daughters, the eldest at her marriage is entitled to all her mother's possessions, which are by far the greater part of the family estate, as the mother keeping up her prerogative, never parts with the power over any portion of what she has brought into the family, until she is forced into it by marriage of her daughter, and the father also is compelled to ruin himself, by adding whatever he may have scraped together by his industry. The second daughter in-

herits nothing, and is condemned to perpetual celibacy. She is styled a Calogria, which signifies properly a religious woman, or nun, and is in effect a menial servant to her sister, being employed by her in any office she may think fit to impose, frequently serving her as waiting maid, as cook, and often in employments still more degrading. She wears a habit peculiar to her situation, which she can never change, a sort of monastic dress, coarse, and of dark brown. One advantage, however, she has over her sister, that whereas the elder before marriage, is never allowed to go abroad, or to see any man, her nearest relations only excepted, the Calogria, except when employed in domestic toil, is in this respect at perfect liberty. But when the sister is married the situation of the poor Calogria becomes desperate indeed, and is rendered indeed still more humiliating by the comparison between her condition, and that of her happy mistress. The married sister enjoys every sort of liberty, the whole family fortune is hers, and she spends it as she pleases, her husband is her obsequious servant, her father and mother are dependent upon her. She dresses in the most magnificent manner, covered all over, according to the fashion of the island, with pearls and with pieces of gold, which are commonly sequins; thus continually carrying about her the enviable marks of her affluence and superiority, while the wretched Calogria follows her as a servant, arrayed in simple homespun

spun brown, and without the most distant hope of her ever changing her condition. Such a disparity may seem intolerable, but what will not custom reconcile? Neither are the misfortunes of the family yet at an end. The father and mother, with what little is left them, contrive, by their industry, to accumulate a second little fortune; and this, if they should have a third daughter, they are obliged to give to her upon her marriage, and the fourth, if there should be one, becomes her Calogria; and so on, through all the daughters alternately. Whenever the daughter is marriageable, she can, by custom, compel her father to procure her a husband; and the mother, such is the power of habit, is too foolish enough to join in teasing him into an immediate compliance, though its consequences must be equally fatal and ruinous to both of them. From hence it happens, that nothing is more common than to see the old father and mother reduced to the utmost indigence, and even begging about the streets, while their unnatural daughters are in affluence; and we ourselves have frequently been shewn the eldest daughter parading through the town in the greatest splendour, while her mother and sister followed her as servants, and made a melancholy part of her attendant train.

The sons, as soon as they are of an age to gain a livelihood, are turned out of the family, sometimes with a small present or portion, but more frequently without any thing to support

them; and thus reduced, they either endeavour to live by their labour; or, which is more usual, go on board some trading vessels as sailors or as servants, remaining abroad till they have got together some competency, and then return home to marry, and be hen-pecked. Some few there are, who, taking advantage of the Turkish law, break through this whimsical custom, who marry their Calogria, and retain to themselves a competent provision: but these are accounted men of a singular and even criminal disposition, and are hated and despised as conformists to the Turkish manners, and deserters of their native customs; so that we may suppose there are few indeed who have the boldness to depart from the manners of their country, to adopt the customs of their detested masters, and to brave the contempt, the derision, and the hatred of their neighbours and fellow citizens.

Of all these extraordinary particulars I was informed by the French consul, a man of sense and indisputable veracity, who had resided in this island for several years, and who solemnly assured me that every circumstance was true; but indeed our own observation left us without the least room for doubt, and the singular appearance and deportment of the ladies fully evinced the truth of our friend's relation. On walking through the town it is easy to perceive, from the whimsical manners of the female passengers, that the women, according to the vulgar phrase, wear the breeches.

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They frequently stop us in the streets, examined our dress, interrogated us with a bold and manly air, laughed at our foreign garb and appearance, and shewed so little attention to that decent modesty, which is, or ought to be, the true characteristic of the sex, that there is every reason to suppose they would, in spite of their haughtiness, be the kindest ladies upon earth, if they were not strictly watched by the Turks who are here very numerous, and would be ready to punish any transgression of their ungallant laws with arbitrary fines. But nature, and native manners, will often baffle the efforts of tyranny. In all their customs, these manly ladies seem to have changed sexes with the men. The woman rides astride—the man sits sideways upon the horse; nay, I have been assured, that the husband's distinguishing appellation is his wife's family name. The women have town and country houses, in the management of which the husband never dares interfere. Their gardens, their servants, are all their own; and the husband, from every circumstance of his behaviour, appears to be no other than his wife's first domestic, perpetually bound to her service, and slave to her caprice. Hence it is, that a tradition obtains in the country, that this island was formerly inhabited by Amazons, a tradition, however, founded upon no ancient history that I know of. Sappho, indeed, the most renowned female that this island ever produced, is said to have had manly inclinations, in which, as

Lucian informs us, she did but conform with the singular manners of her countrywomen; but I do not find that the mode in which she chose to shew those inclinations is imitated by the present female inhabitants, who seem perfectly content with the dear prerogative of absolute sway, without endeavouring in any other particular to change the course of nature; yet will this circumstance serve to shew, that the women of Lesbos had always something peculiar, and even peculiarly masculine, in their manners and propensities. But be this as it may, it is certain that no country whatsoever can afford a more perfect idea of an Amazonian commonwealth, or better serve to render probable those ancient relations, which our manners would induce us to esteem incredible, than this island of Metelin. These lordly ladies are, for the most part, very handsome, in spite of their dress, which is singular and disadvantageous. Down to the girdle, which, as in the old Grecian garb, is raised far above what we usually call the waist, they wear nothing but a shift of thin transparent gauze, red, green, or brown, through which every thing is visible, their breasts only excepted, which they cover with a sort of handkerchief; and this, as we were informed, the Turks have obliged them to wear, while they look upon it as an incumbrance, and as no inconsiderable portion of Turkish tyranny. Long sleeves, of the same thin material, perfectly shew their arms even to the shoulder. Their principal

become the objects of admiration and esteem.

The following is an original letter wrote by a most tender and affectionate wife to her husband a few months after marriage.—It is some years since it was penned; the hand that wrote it, and the head that dictated it, are now no more.—It had on the person to whom it was addressed, the desired effect; and they lived many years after in the most perfect conjugal felicity. Such is the methods by which men are to be awoke: had the female taken the means too prevalent in this age, to work his reformation—it would not have succeeded.—It is not the tale of fiction—It was wrote under the deepest emotions of love and anxiety.—Such letters will surely not be unacceptable to the sympathetic reader, nor to those generous souls

“———*who know
To feel another's woe.*”

If the eye of profligate youth catch it, let a few moments be sacrificed to reflection—when the wife, miserable from the conduct of her husband, reads it, let her imitate—and let the Vestal virgin see the means, by which a man was won over to the wishes of his wife, and restored to the tranquility of his mind—It needs not my comment, nor can it be improved by correction.—It is verbatim.

My ever dear Frank—

Deprived of your company, and totally at a loss to conjecture when

you will return home, or why so long absent? I seek recourse in my pen—Let heaven witness how very dejected and heavy is your Emilia's heart; let her intreat you to return home, to rouse the good understanding you possess, from the lethargy that now overclouds it, and to listen to the intreaties of a woman who affectionately loves you. Oh! consider my dear Frank, how many dear friends I have left for your sake, and take a serious minute to reflect how little I merit the treatment I now experience.

How often, my dear, have you promised I should never repent of my choice? that my friends should have reason to approve of it? and by your fair conduct, and my happiness, find all their conjectures ill-founded, and blame themselves for not being at first reconciled. Do you think that all my parents acquaintance, have not a strict watch over your behaviour? Do you think you have so acted as to gain approbation?—We have not been married three months, and you have, in that period (though no business to engage your attention,) been abroad, mostly the whole time.—This but poorly corresponds with the professions and plan of life you laid down before we were united. I clearly acquit myself of ever having given room for justification of this part of your conduct, and you, I am sure, will acquit me of it, and feel the truth of my assertion.

Why then be so much your own enemy and mine? be assured my dear Frank, the path you
are

are now treading will plunge you in destruction—it will end if not in poverty, in disgrace.—Exert, let me beseech you, your humanity, good sense, and reflection, before too late! and be not offended at my earnestness?—It is my duty to awake you, if possible, from the unhappy dream, and to leave nothing in my power undone, to accomplish your felicity. It is particularly invested in you to make me happy, I admire your abilities, and have pleasure in them. You promised a very different lot to that I share; I am therefore doubly disappointed—If you wished, or intended leading so dissipated, so idle a life, why, my dear, involve me in it? I am certain you are in possession of real good-nature, I implore you to hearken to the prayer of your Emilia, who is affectionate towards you, has your interest warmly at heart, and would leave no course (at least no virtuous one) untried to serve you, and testify her honest esteem. Oh! my dear friend, to whom can a wife seek for protection, but to her husband? if he runs counter to reason, and without just cause leaves her, what can be more wretched, or deplorable, than her state?—Oh! consider what I have urged; hasten home on receipt of this letter, or depend your Emilia will sink in sorrow and sickness.—Oh! could you but see what my soul suffers, you would not hesitate a moment, but with every good-natured feeling return to your tender friend; oh! I beg and entreat you will; those who advise you to the contrary are

fiends, not friends, and flatter you in your mistaken conduct, in order to curry favour, and to promote their own interest, by the sacrifice of your's.

It is not too late, my dear! to lay aside these foibles (to give them no harsher term); and take my word, I shall not utter a syllable about what has passed—on the contrary, I will receive you with kindness—bring some friend with you, to spend the evening, and keep you chearful, it will be agreeable to me, and convince me, my dearest Frank, that you are really in possession of that virtue, truth, and worth, you must believe I thought you, when I attended the sacred altar. It is, you know, the part of a generous mind to acknowledge an error, to retrieve it, and to hearken to the voice of tender friendship.—Trust me, when I assure you, that search the habitable globe, you will meet no woman more inclined to serve, love, obey, and oblige you, than your Emilia.—I am all affliction until I see you; and frequently fainting with my own sensibility and apprehension for your welfare.—For God's sake! return the moment you have perused this; I am all anxiety about your health and safety. Adieu! my dear husband; every blessing smile upon you, sincerely wishes your disconsolate wife,

EMILIA.

May every wife in such a predicament have the conduct of Emilia, and every man so circumstanced the reflection of Frank.

T. R.
The

The PUNISHMENT of FAMILY-PRIDE.—A TALE.

THE violent propensity which many people—and people with no contemptible understandings—discover to family-pride, often throws them into ridiculous situations, and is sometimes attended with consequences of the ineligible nature.

Monsieur de Barillon, a gentleman of Savoy, plumed himself not a little on the antiquity of his descent, and frequently pored over his pedigree—a pedigree of considerable length, with the utmost satisfaction. He had a genteel income, but it was by no means equal to his wishes: however, when he looked upon his *coat of arms*, he drew consolations from the sight, peculiar to those who derive no small share of their happiness from the *Herald's Office*. Excessively fond of a daughter, an only child, who was generally allowed by all the impartial of both sexes, to be the handsomest girl in the province, he spared no pains, he grudged no expence within the limits of discretion, to make her thoroughly accomplished; fondly hoping, that he should, by so doing, raise her to a situation superior to his own in point of fortune; but he resolved at the same time not to bestow her on a man who could not boast of a long list of very respectable ancestors. After having rejected many of Julia's lovers, who wished extremely to be united to her, charmed with her person and her manners, and delighted with her conversation, because they were not,

though in affluent circumstances, well-born, according to his own narrow ideas of birth, he met with a man whom he deemed sufficiently qualified to become his son-in-law.

One of those gentlemen who had been rejected by monsieur de Barillon, being particularly piqued by his behaviour to him, determined to mortify him for his family-pride, in the most galling manner; and succeeded to his wishes. Communicating his designs one day to an Italian count, with whom he had lived in the habit of friendship, he received an answer from him, which not only diverted him exceedingly, but also gave him a great deal of sincere pleasure, as it led immediately to the point he had in view, the punishment of Julia's father, by a severe blow levelled at his family-pride.

"I have a very handsome fellow in my service (said the count), who does not want for parts; he is, indeed, much more accomplished than many men in his line of life.—What think you of getting him introduced to mademoiselle de Barillon, as my representative?"

"The luckiest thought in the world," exclaimed Dubois: "Julia is of a romantic turn, and I will start your servant as lover in a pastoral scene.—Does he play upon any instrument?"

"Upon the flute—and with no small taste, I assure you."

"Enough. Let him be dressed something in the Arcadian style, and with his flute repair to a spot not far from Barrillon's

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ground

grounds, which, as it is highly picturesque, his daughter, I know, frequently visits: and, I dare say, when I have tutored him, and told him in what manner to proceed in his manœuvres, he will make her his own; ay, and with the old man's consent into the bargain."

When the necessary arrangements were made, the count *Faurlino*, properly equipped, set out to the spot pointed out for the scene of action, with his flute; and had not blown many tunes upon it, before he perceived two females peeping over a bush; one of whom he knew, from the minute description he had received, to be the lady in question; the other, having all the appearance of an attendant, gave him no concern.

When he had played several pastoral songs, he could not help perceiving, with great pleasure, that his performance made a considerable impression upon the ears of the young lady, though she did not convey her feelings with any extravagance in her deportment. Her attendant, with a behaviour not so chastized, was in raptures.

As soon as he thought he had softened Julia one way, he proceeded to attack her in another. Putting up his flute, he advanced towards the bank with so graceful an air, and paid her so many elegant compliments on her condescension in attending to his poor efforts to entertain her, that she felt not a few prepossessions in his favour; those prepossessions were increased by an interview with him the next day, in the same place.

By making an appointment with a man whom she had never seen before, Julia may be blamed, perhaps, by some rigid readers of this tale; but, when they are informed that she not only made her father acquainted with what she had done, but required him to be present at the next meeting, to convince him that she had no clandestine designs, they will, it is probable, be of another opinion. The step was, indeed, not a common one, but it was safely commendable.

Monsieur de Barillon, highly entertained with the account which his daughter had given of her morning adventure, as she called it, and doubly pleased to find her so desirous of his being a witness to her second interview, attended her to the place appointed, with a number of new sensations stirring in his breast, not to be described.

The count, on seeing Julia faithful to her appointment, flew to her with all the transports of the fondest lover, and with all the delicate celerity of a true gentleman; and, so far was he from being disconcerted at the sight of her father, that the moment the first compliments paid to her were over, he made the following address to him.

"I think myself, sir, sufficiently happy in having been able to give this lady—(turning to Julia)—any entertainment in this place; I am doubly so to find that she has communicated her feelings to one who has so just a right to be acquainted with them."

To any parent such a speech would,

would, I trust, have proved a flattering one; to monsieur de Barrillon it was singularly pleasing; and he could not help withing, in the first moments of satisfaction, to find the speaker a man of *birth* and fortune, that he might present his daughter to him, without blushing for his new connection.

In a conversation which naturally ensued upon the answer which monsieur de Barrillon returned, he was overjoyed to discover that his daughter's admirer was not only a man of birth and fortune, but that he had a *title* also.—He could hardly keep his transports within the bounds of decorum.

Taking the count home with him, he assured him, after a long and close conversation, that if the intelligence he had given relating to himself were true—politely begging his pardon at the same time for harbouring any suspicions with regard to his veracity—he should deem himself highly honoured by an alliance with his house. The count, in return, with perfect good-breeding, spoke in praise of his cautionary conduct, gave him an address to a friend of his, not unknown to him, (who was in the secret) and took his leave.

Monsieur de Barrillon, having made the necessary enquiries, received from the gentleman to whom he was recommended, such satisfactory information, that he returned home with an additional vivacity in his looks and demeanour, and the marriage-ceremony was, in a few days afterwards, performed.—The nup-

tial night was a night of festivity; but, when Julia rose the next morning, she found in a few hours, to her father's extreme disappointment and chagrin, that she had married a—*foolman*.



THE ART OF HAPPINESS—AND
ON EXTREMES.

Addressed to the LADIES.

WE cannot operate upon immaterial objects as we can upon material ones; and therefore it may be doubtful whether the *Art of Happiness* can be cultivated and improved with the same ease and success that attend our industry in other arts. It is certain, however, that much more may be done than we are willing to try, and that many people fly from endeavours to make themselves happy, and become self-tormentors. Such people seem to have an aversion to happiness in themselves, or in others; and are perpetually saying and doing innumerable things which hurt the temper, or perplex the understanding. This is chiefly occasioned by their taking the worst side of human nature on every occasion, and instead of representing things in a light as favourable as possible, heighten and magnify the blemishes and defects of every character, exaggerate the bad parts of a story, and compose a tale of horror, which, perhaps, in other hands, would have appeared in a much more favourable light. Such people, too, are even assiduous in treasuring up, and ready

ready on all occasions to bring forth strange and terrible circumstances of cruelty, barbarity, wickedness, and folly, the continual repetition of which, at improper times, and on improper occasions, instead of operating salutarily on the heart, only tends to sour the temper, to hurt the feelings, and disturb the pleasing ideas of a virtuous mind.

Melaina is one of those young ladies who are for ever dealing in the "terribles;" where other ladies amuse themselves by conversation on dress, public places, the court, the opera, *Melaina* entertains her guests with stories of murders, battles, bloody duels, sudden deaths, and other anecdotes which astonish and shock the feelings. And what is very remarkable, few people are less able to sustain a train of such narratives than *Melaina* herself. In fact, she is generally the greatest sufferer, by her own eagerness to communicate dreadful intelligence. I have seen her more than once in tears before she had finished the account of a murder, and she has not unfrequently fainted away during some horrible story which she earnestly requested to hear. Hence *Melaina* among her acquaintance generally is known by the name of the *Self-Tormentor*. Unfortunately for her, the newspapers afford too much food of the kind she likes, and it is surprising how nimbly she passes over the parliamentary and court intelligence, fashions, plays, &c. to come to the robberies, murders, commitments, and deaths, on all the circumstances of which she

dwells with peculiar pleasure; and, when she enters into company, relates what she has read or heard with a thousand little additional touches of the pathetic and the terrible, by which she either forces her hearers out of the room, or engages them in the unpleasing office of recovering herself from an hysterical fit. I know of no bad qualities *Melaina* possesses; she is prudent, sensible, generous, charitable, and pious; but has so utter an aversion to the innocent pleasure of society, the engaging smile, the laugh of wit, or merriment, and the passing of humour, that she takes much more delight in a murder than in all the efforts of comic genius, and would rather listen a whole day to the description of a bloody battle, than to the best comedy that Congreve or Sheridan could produce. The books she most delights in are such as create both her pleasures and her pains, such as the Histories of Martyrs who have suffered the torture, or been hanged, burnt, or buried alive, Reynolds' God's Revenge against Murder, Clark's Examples, and other like books. Of these she is perfect mistress, and, in defect of diurnal intelligence, she has recourse to them. The fear, the sigh, and the groan, are for ever ready, for ever seen and heard; but the chaste humour of an Addison, or a Fielding, is lost upon *Melaina*. The howlings of tempests, the wreck of a ship, an earthquake in the West-Indies, an execution—these are the sources of her meditation, and the entertainment she provides

vides for her friends. A suicide will last her a week; and I remember the wreck of the Halfe-well East-Indiaman afforded her a topic for near half a year, until her faculties seemed deranged by the perpetual recollection and relation of that most melancholy event. It may be supposed that the so frequent repetition of the same tale of woe might tend to render it familiar and destroy its effect. But this is not the case with *Melaina*; so various are the lights in which she places the same circumstances on each repetition, that her smelling-bottle and her handkerchief are as necessary at the last as the first time of telling.

One peculiar trait in this lady's character is very singular, but perfectly conformable to the rest; she has much less regard for the company of her friends in health than in *sickness*, and the very often will run to see the *corpse* of a friend, whom she has not visited for years. The death-bed scene is one of her favourite delights—*delights*, I call it, for there must be some secret satisfaction arising from the perpetual indulgence of a gloomy disposition, although unknown to other persons. To be in pain, to labour under disease, is a sure recommendation to *Melaina's* kindness and visits. To be in health, to be merry, lively, and humourous has no charms to her; she had rather visit you when you are unable to speak, and converse with you when you are unable to hear.

Such are the outlines of the character of *Melaina*, of whom no person ever spoke ill, because

whoever knows her, knows the excellence of her heart and life, but yet who has perhaps fewer friends who wish to see her than any lady of her rank and character in the world. The young she immediately frightens away; the middle-aged are not always disposed to be serious, and it is but seldom that even the old will tolerate her. From, probably, the best of motives, she has fallen into an extreme very uncommon in our time, and habit has reconciled her to the train of thoughts she now constantly pursues.——So much for the character of *Melaina*; let us now place in opposition, that of *Moraina*.

There are people in the world to whom a laugh is so familiar, that their features are in time formed with a particular grin, of which a portrait-painter who aims at a striking likeness must avail himself. *Moraina* is so much the reverse of the former character, that a perpetual smile attends her silence, and a perpetual laugh her words. So far from delighting in what is *sombre* and melancholy like *Melaina*, she abhors every thing serious; her feelings are as acute as the other's, but she carefully avoids the mention of any subject which may touch them, and this she does either by interrupting the conversation, or leaving the place where conversation of the kind passes. A ludicrous tale, or a merry jest is never unwelcome; the mention of a murder, or any instance of cruelty is always obnoxious to her, and, if compelled to hear it, she takes the first opportunity to turn

turn it off with a laugh, if that be possible. So completely has she rejected all reflection on serious subjects, that her servants have particular orders never to let her know of deaths or funerals in the neighbourhood, or of any circumstances liable to effect that *gaieté de cœur* which constitutes her character and her happiness. *Melaina*, as has been observed, never is so fond of visiting her friends as when they are in sickness or on a death-bed; *Moraina* gives up all connections or acquaintance with them from the moment their disorder prevents them from partaking of public pleasures. *Melaina* is a constant frequenter at church; *Moraina* avoids that place, lest she should hear any thing that might awaken reflection. The one has too much seriousness, the other none at all. The days of the one are employed in reading, conversation, and reflection; the other's are spent in routes, visits, and cards. The one is always prepared for the adversities of life by meditation, on the shortness and uncertainty of all human enjoyments; the latter has not firmness of mind to bear the most trivial shock, and, coward-like, flies from every thought of a change. Among giddy people *Melaina* would appear to be a methodist; among serious people, among, I had almost said, rational creatures, *Moraina* seems mad.

From these two characters we may learn to avoid extremes in our conduct. A very small portion of the gaiety of *Moraina* would make *Melaina* a charming cha-

rafter; a portion of *Melaina's* reflection would temper the heat of fashionable folly in the other, and render her actions more consistent with the duties of a thinking being. There is no surer way to make young people dislike piety than to represent it as surrounded with gloom and melancholy; and there is no more certain way to make fools and profligates than by placing all our happiness in the absence of reflection. Devotion should prevail by example, but the influence of that example is obstructed by a behaviour morose, sour, and forbidding. The innocent enjoyments of society are ours; they are given to us to alleviate the burthen of the more important cares of life, and unbend the mind from its weightier concerns. But, a continued series of amusements, without one hour for reflection, a perpetual conversation with others without one word addressed to ourselves, a waste of time without any reckoning, are alike pernicious to the head and the heart. These are the sources of that corruption of manners which so generally prevails. In the two characters drawn above, we see two extremes; the one character is formed for solitude, she disturbs society; the other is formed for and is carried away by the common stream; the one is no doubt happy in the reflections of her own mind, though what she communicates to others from her manner of doing it, makes them uneasy, and does no good; the other is happy in every thing but reflection, and (unless in her exam-

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ple) is perfectly harmless and useless.

The cultivation of the temper is second only in point of importance to the cultivation of the heart. So much are we connected with society, that to neglect this duty takes much from our own happiness and that of our friends. *Melaina* has a tender, an improved heart—*Moraina* has a fund of careless good nature, but no heart at all. The one disturbs a company by making them think; the other never disturbs them, but when they are about to think.



SELECT LETTERS,

Or Specimens of FEMALE LITERATURE.

LETTER V.

To CHARLOTTE M—

AND does my dear Charlotte really prefer the sandy plains of Margate, to the vocal groves of——? What a miserable change has taken place in the taste of her who was formerly so distinguished for elegance! can there be any comparison between the pleasure of walking on the naked beach, and in the delightful gardens and parks to which you have till now been accustomed? I should not be surprised if your aunt, who has gone to Margate for the purpose of bathing, should contract an attachment to the place which has proved benefi-

al to her health; but that you, who tell me that you have never bathed more than once, should entertain the same sentiments, I must own is surprising. I would sooner suspect you of a personal than such a local partiality; and I am much of opinion, notwithstanding your silence on the subject, that is really the case. Yes, my dear Charlotte, you have found among the emigrants from the capital some agreeable Amynator, who more than compensates by the charms of his company for all the defects of rural beauties, in the sequestered Isle of Thanet. The theatre too, and weekly assemblies, have likewise, I doubt not, some degree of attraction for my Charlotte; but is it not sufficient to enjoy those pleasures in the winter? And is not the verdure of the fields, the shade of the wide-spreading tree, the fragrance of the shrubbery, and the melody of the groves, more adapted to afford pleasure, at this season, to one whose taste has not been vitiated by the fashionable, but inferior circles of artificial enjoyments? Confess that I have hit upon the true cause of your attachment, and I shall no longer reproach you for thus idolizing what you call "the delights of Margate."

I have some where or other read that a philosopher, in order to extirpate any passion that had taken strong hold of the heart, advised the excitement of another, as the most effectual remedy. Let me try this stratagem with my Charlotte. What is your opinion of Cheltenham? The king, the queen

queen, and the three eldest princesses have all been there for this fortnight past. Must it not be a most charming place? And then think how gay! how fashionable! decorated even with the splendours of royalty! What is Margate, what is Scarborough, what is Brighton itself, though enlivened by the heir apparent, when compared with the attractions of Cheltenham? Have I yet succeeded in my attempt? Have I excited in the breast of my Charlotte a thirst which nothing can allay but a libation from the pure, the wholesome, the animating fountain of Gloucestershire? If you do not immediately obey my summons by quitting Margate, I shall continue to ascribe your conduct not only to the cause I have already mentioned, but to a degree of coquetry, with which you know, I have sometimes jocularly charged you. On this subject, I must give you the sentiments of our friend, the ingenious Mr. R——, to whom I have been lately attending.

He says that the arts of coquetry require a finer discernment than those of politeness; for, provided a well bred woman behaves indiscriminately towards every body, it is sufficient. But the coquette would soon lose her power by such an awkward uniformity of conduct. By continually trying to oblige all her lovers, she would offend them all. Obliging manners in society to all men, do not fail to please each in particular; provided we will be well treated, we do not examine so narrowly into distinctions. But in

love, a favour not exclusive, is an injury. A man of feeling would infinitely rather be injuriously treated himself, than share the good graces of his mistress in common with many; and the worst evil which can happen to him, is not to be treated with distinction.

A woman, therefore, who wishes to preserve several admirers, should persuade each of them that he is preferred; and she must even persuade him of this, in the presence of all the rest, whom she deceives equally in his presence.

Would you wish to see a man quite embarrassed, place him between two women with whom he is secretly connected, and then observe what a foolish appearance he will make. Place a woman in the same manner between two men (and the example is certainly not less frequent) and you will be astonished at the address with which she will make them both laugh at one another. But if that woman were to express the same confidence to both, and were to be equally familiar with them, how could they remain one instant her dupes? For, by treating them both alike, would she not discover that they had an equal right over her? Oh! she knows how to act her part better. Far from treating them in the same manner, she affects to put an inequality between them; she manages so well, that he whom she flatters, thinks it is the effect of tenderness; and he whom she treats ill, the love of teasing him. Each, therefore, satisfied with his lot, supposes her entirely occupied with

with him, while she is in reality only occupied with herself.

There is a certain malicious and sportive coquetry, which confounds a lover still more than silence and disdain. What a pleasure to see a fine Celadon quite disconcerted, bewildered, and lost at each repartee!

Now, my dear Charlotte, if I do not practise coquetry, you see it is not for want of being acquainted with the principles of the art. Take the wings of love, and hasten back to the enjoyment of rural felicity, which, believe me, I long extremely to partake with you, in our wonted manner.

Your's, &c.

CLARINDA.

LETTER VI.

MRS. PEMBROKE, to MISS HARTLY.

Woodford Park.

YOU will be ready to chide me, my dear Fanny, perhaps, when I tell you, that I have been near a fortnight at this agreeable place, without so much as writing to the friend of my bosom a single line; nor can I excuse myself by saying it was for want of time; but, if I had wrote to my Fanny, the letter would have been a very short one, and, I thought, it would be better to defer the pleasing employment till this time, as I can now give her some account of the family. My Augustus and I am with Mr. and Mrs. Camply, who may truly be

deemed a happy couple, like that of your Emma's. It was a love match, which the general run of people think often far otherwise than productive of bliss. There are exceptions, I own, but not where hearts and minds unite like my dear Pembroke's, and his blessed Emma's, and the amiable and worthy Mr. and Mrs. Camply. My Augustus told me, that the latter was the only daughter of a captain in the army, whose fortune was such as enabled him to support his wife and child in a genteel manner.* Mrs. Camply received an excellent education, and that joined together with a large share of sense, and a politeness natural to her, gained her justly the appellation of an accomplished woman. Captain Bygrove did not live to see his daughter attain her eighteenth year; his death was a severe stroke to Mrs. Bygrove, as his captain's pay, when he died, ceased; and their whole fortune, exclusive of that, did not amount to above five or six thousand pounds. Sir Charles Camply, who was acquainted with this captain, at the disconsolate widow's request, hired a neat little dwelling for her, that was to let near Elm Grove, called Rose Farm. It was there his son Charles, just then returned from making the grand tour, first saw, and loved his charming Emily. Though so long a time abroad, not one of the lovely Italian nymphs had power to subdue his heart; that happiness was reserved for Miss Bygrove, whose beauty, innocence, and virtues, soon caught it in love's silken chains.

chains. Sir Charles did, by no means, approve Mr. Camply's choice; he had prepared a match for him, which, in regard to fortune, was great; but his son was too deeply smitten with Miss Bygrove, ever to even think of any other woman. For a long time Sir Charles Camply stood firm to his purpose; but lady Mary Clevedon (that was her name) declined accepting a hand without a heart; and Sir Charles, at last, relented, and made two young people as happy as they deserved. I am extremely pleased with Mrs. Camply: her features, though not perfectly regular, may truly be termed beautiful. She has fine sparkling black eyes, and a complexion clear and delicate; her manners are soft and insinuating, and her whole deportment easy and genteel. Her Charles is, next to my lovely fellow, the handsomest man I have seen, Sir William Dormer not excepted; and take these three all together, we shall very seldom see their like again. I received a letter, the week after I came here, from my dear Maria, now lady Dormer. She writes in her lively way as follows: "I went thro' the tremendous ceremony, my Emma, *almost* as well as yourself; you will give me credit for that, I dare say. I never really knew happiness till I married. My William is a most charming accomplished man; I shall not find it a difficult matter to love and *obey* him; the former I have done a long while ago. We giddy, volatile creatures, as you used to call me sometimes, as often make as

good wives as you so—ber se—date things; you coincide with me, no doubt, my dear Emma." This charming woman has delightful spirits, my Fanny, she is always the same; heaven grant they never may fail her! Your Emma has no reason to complain of her spirits; though not so high as lady Dormer's, they are seldom otherwise than cheerful. Maria also tells me in her letter, that Sir William, her father, herself, with a female cousin, and brother of the former's, intend spending their Christmas at Sidley Manor. "A circumstance, she adds, will make her, if possible, still happier, as we shall be in the country." I rejoice, as well as my friend. Sir William and my Augustus are both so lively and entertaining, that our time will pass away imperceptibly till the latter end of January, when Mr. Pembroke and I remove to town. He has a noble house in Grovesnor-square. We stay in the great metropolis till the beginning of June, when we quit the scene of bustle and confusion, for the calm delights of the country; Mr. Pembroke, accompanied by his happy Emma, proposes to go, for about two months, next summer, to Pembroke-Abbey, a seat he has in Gloucestershire; and, at our return to Beach Park, we are to have the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Camply's society; where I hope my dear Fanny will give them the meeting. This is our plan for the approaching year; heaven grant nothing may intervene to prevent the happiness of it! The agreeable owners

ers of this sweet place visit town when we do. Mrs. Camply will lay-in there. Her husband has lately purchased an elegant mansion, in Harley-street. My Augustus and I leave Woodford-Park on Friday: to-day is Monday, we are all going to dine at Sir Henry Sutton's, a family that resides in the neighbourhood; they have visited Woodford Park two or three times since I have been here. They are very friendly, well-bred, people. Sir Henry has a nephew, a Mr. Mortimer; a man that would please my Fanny much, nor do I think he would be less so with you. He is sensible, conversable, and a person very agreeable. In a word, Fanny, he is the man you cannot but admire. Am I not vastly saucy, to be thus recommending a spouse to you? I own I should like to see you Mrs. Mortimer; what says my dear Fanny? It is not unlikely but that you may chance to have more than a sight of him, as he is intimate with Mr. and Mrs. Barclay; whom you and your aunt visit. Mrs. Camply is working the prettiest pair of ruffles for her Charles I have seen; and they have taken my fancy so much, that I am to take the pattern home with me, and shall work a pair for Mr. Pembroke; but he is to know nothing of the affair till they are ready to wear. Adieu, my dear girl; this letter, you will perceive, has been written at different times; the carriages are coming to the door, the gentlemen go in the phaeton, and Mrs. Camply and I in our coach. My Pembroke

is just entered my room to fetch me down; he says, he will not let me add any thing more, but his compliments, and the sincere affections of my Fanny, your's ever, the same.

EMMA PEMBROKE.



PLEASING REFLECTIONS ON
THE NATURE OF SLEEP.

MAN has two modes of existence, *sleeping* and *waking*, Sleep is properly only a mode of the existence of the body, in which every function of it's organs is suspended, except that of the organs of life: in waking, every spring of the machine is, or may be, in action. In both these states the soul perceives, thinks, recollects, and all its faculties are in exercise; but their exercise is performed differently in each of these states. Let us examine the relations of the soul to the body, and of the body to the soul, when sleeping.

As sleep approaches, the vivacity of our motions decays, the weary limbs relax and yield to their own weight, the head gradually declines on the shoulder, a sentiment of pleasure steals on every organ, and we seem to feel the gentle motion of the blood as it flows through the veins. The senses are now inactive, but no part is yet asleep: sensibility gradually leaves the organs, at length the eyes yield to the pleasing influence of the god, and a refreshing calm reigns throughout the body. The soul likewise partakes of

of this enchanting stillness, forgets every thing, even itself, and imperceptibly sinks into insensibility. But in this universal repose, the mind is not inactive, its operations are only less sensible: the sensations are weak, so likewise are the sentiments and ideas, and the more so in proportion as the sleep is deep.

Freed from the power of the senses, the soul now enjoys its liberty: it thinks, but its thoughts are irregular, incoherent, unconnected; and from their assemblage are formed those fantastic images, those whimsical representations, those phantoms, and fleeting shades, which constitute our nocturnal illusions.

In sleep, thought freely rambles over all kinds of objects, and imagination appears to be the only acting power. Though the soul at that time appears to be entirely freed from all subjection to the body, the disposition of the corporeal organs always determines the nature of the dream. If the sensation then felt by the body be agreeable, there is a continual series of agreeable, pleasing illusions, and flattering images. On the contrary, if the sensation be painful, a succession of frightful ideas, and hideous objects haunt us during sleep; monstrous phantoms, scenes of blood and death appear; ghosts, goblins, and horrible spectres terrify us.

The influence of the body is confined to the nature of the objects of our dreams; it likewise regulates their continuance. If the body is afflicted with any languishing disorder, these spectres,

these phantoms seldom disappear, and seem to haunt us continually. On the contrary, if the body is affected with any acute disorder, the allusions are transient, the phantoms assume many different forms, and succeed each other very rapidly.

There is something yet more wonderful in the analogy between the dream, and the then present sensation. When we lie in an uneasy posture, whereby respiration is oppressed, and the circulation of the fluids obstructed, we dream of being pursued by spectres, forcerers, devils, while we have not the power to fly from them.

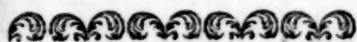
In the heat of a fever, we dream that we are perishing with thirst, that we traverse immense regions in search of fountains, without finding any; and that, when we have found one, we apply our parched lips to it, but the water flies back, and all our efforts to allay our thirst are in vain: so that, like Tantalus, we perish through want amidst the appearance of the greatest abundance.

In dreams we think much, feel more, and reflect little: the sensations and images succeed each other with rapidity, but the soul neither compares nor remembers them.

Though in general the soul reflects but very little during sleep, the degree of reflection is not the same in every individual. The ideas, which strongly affect us while awake, are retraced in the mind during sleep, and we continue to combine them. Thus geometricians form and combine figures,

figures, poets make verses, and philosophers reason.

When the body has been refreshed with rest, the organs of sense insensibly resume their functions, the pulse gradually quickens, and by degrees all those vain images, enchanting regions, and ideal objects, disappear. In short, man opens his eyes, and becomes conscious where he is.



ANECDOTES.

THE late Earl of Chatham, who entertained no great affection for a certain physician, rallied him on the inefficacy of his prescriptions. To which the doctor replied, "He desired any of his patients to find fault with him."—"I believe you, (replied the Earl) for they are all dead."

PHILIP V. King of Spain, being at Bourdeaux, and dining in public during his stay, people of all sorts had an opportunity of seeing him. Among the rest there were several ladies of good quality, and with them a young Gascoin lady, about eighteen years of age, who drew near the King's table. She was well grown, of a majestic, lively countenance, exceeding neatly dressed; and besides all this, she had something charming in her air, which distinguished her from all others of her sex that were about the young monarch. The King, without any ceremony, took a dish of sweet-meats and turned them in-

to her apron. She received his majesty's present with surprising modesty, but could not forbear blushing, which increased her charms, and made her admired by all the spectators. The young King smiled upon her, and signified, by the many tender glances with which he beheld her, the impressions that she had made upon his heart.

As the fair-one, could not, without confusion, bear her part in this scene, she thought proper to withdraw. His majesty losing the sight of her, whispered to one of his pages, and bid him inform himself of the name and abode of this beauty. The repast being ended, the King retired into his closet, and wrote a billet doux, and gave it to his page, to carry to the lady, who was so suddenly become the object of his passion. The billet ran thus:

"Love reigns in the hearts of kings as well as in those of their subjects: he knows no power superior to his own, and the greatest monarchs in the world glory in their submission to his empire. You may think it strange, my dear, that I am affected with the charms of your person. I beg of you one hour's interview, wherein I may shew you the excess of my affection, &c."

The King, in giving this billet to the page, gave him, at the same time, a rich diamond, with orders to present it in his name, with the billet, to the young lady. The trusty page punctually executed his majesty's commands. The fair Gascoin read the King's
tender

tender billet and received his present. As she was of a sprightly genius, she immediately sent to his majesty the following letter:

" SIR,

" I assure you that if love reigns over the hearts of kings, as it does over those of the least of their subjects; virtue, constancy, and fidelity, reign also among women of mean birth, as well as among queens. I return your majesty my hearty thanks, for the tender love that you have conceived for me, and yet more for the declaration that you have made, in the billet you have been pleased to give yourself the trouble of writing to me. Perhaps, great prince, if I had been descended from the blood of queens, and sovereign princesses, you would not have regarded me. Sir, as I have already engaged my fidelity to a lover, to whom I have promised marriage, I beg your majesty to dispense with this interview, which cannot but be fatal to my virtue.

" Nevertheless, Sir, I will keep your fine diamond, as a precious token of the love which it has pleased so great a monarch to honour me with, at a time when I cannot answer him but with sighs and regrets."

FOOTE, whose talent lay in lampooning and mimicry, even in early life, obtained the knack of imitating a general officer in several peculiarities of his speech and deportment: and the

mimic often exercised his talents at the expence of the general, who, being informed of it, sent for Foote, and thus addressed him—

" Sir, I hear you have an excellent talent at mimicking characters, and that among others, I have been the subject of your ridicule!"—" O! Sir, said Foote, with great pleasantry, I take all my acquaintance off at times; and what is more particular, I often take myself off!" " Do so, said the other. Pray give us a specimen." Foote immediately put on his hat and gloves, took his cane, and making a short bow, left the room. The officer, who was general Blakeny, waited some minutes for his return, but on enquiry, found, to his great mortification, that Foote had indeed taken himself off, by leaving the house!

FRAGMENT.

LETTER from AMELIA to her HUSBAND.

I Feel myself dying. I am going to my children, who beckon to me to follow them, and we shall all of us rest in the same grave. Your days belonged to me; I now resign them to my daughter. Caroline remains with you to supply my place. Think not so much of my loss, as of those regions of felicity where I await you. What I was for you in this life, I shall yet be in another.

Yours, AMELIA.

POETICAL



POETICAL ESSAYS.

For the Ladies Magazine.

THE WINTER OF AGE.

DEAR Fanny let's roam,
while in soft wanton gales,
Blithe zephyrs disport upon
Dee's limpid stream;
Devoid of all guile, to repeat our
fond tales,
For pleasing is converse, where
love is the theme.

O think my fair maid, that in
life's budding spring,
In love, 'tis the duty of all to
engage;
That thence blooming summer
may happiness bring,
To cherish the cold hoary Win-
ter of Age.

Pomona, choice fruits may abun-
dantly yield,
Gay Flora spread carpets of
roses around,
Or Ceres benign, o'er the yel-
low clad field,
Make autumn's kind harvest
diffusive abound.

But these nought avail, if in life's
budding spring,
In tender affection we fail to
engage;
That thence blooming summer
may happiness bring,
To cherish the cold hoary Win-
ter of Age.

On Dee's flow'ry margin, where
ruddy fac'd health,
Convenes every morning her
sylvan levee,
I envy not pomp, nor the splen-
dour of wealth,
Content with my fortune, pos-
sessing but thee.

Let love then, dear Fanny, in
life's budding spring;
Our fondest regard to each
other engage;
That thence blooming summer
may happiness bring,
To comfort the cold hoary Win-
ter of Age.

G.



THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

HOW pleasing glides our
morn of youth,
Ere beauty strikes the breast;
A parent's tender hush can soothe
The flutt'ring soul to rest.

But love's sweet passion riper
grown,
Exerts a tyrants part;
And painful blifs before unknown,
Surrounds the guardless heart.

The vernal lip, love's darling eye,
Fair cheek of rosy hue;
The virgin breast, by gentle sigh,
That parting swells to view.

May

May bid the heart with rapture
flow,

To love, attune the mind ;
But ah ! sad change ! what for-
rows flow,

If Patty proves unkind !

Then to the unfrequented grove,
Or by the limpid stream,
The pensive swain will sighing
rove,

And breathe his plaintive
theme :

The tender notes along the vale,
In gentle murmurs die ;
And echo, from his secret cell,
Returns him sigh for sigh.

S.



A S O N G.

By Miss M. R——n.

AS ganging home the other
day,
I met young Jockey on the way ;
The swain was jovial kind and
free,
Be such the lad that's made for me.

Unus'd to flattery, void of art,
He speaks the dictates of his
heart ;
From every vicious passion free,
Such be the lad ordain'd for me.

Or if young Jockey e'er should
own,
His heart is fix'd on me alone :
Mine in return, I'd give most
free,
And own young Jockey, the lad
for me.

But if he's for some happier fair,
I'll live in hope, and banish care ;
Some other swain as kind as he,
Perhaps ordain'd the lad for me.



*Lines written by a LADY to her
BROTHER, on the anniversary
of his birth day.*

'TIS pure affection prompts
the artless lay,
And bids Louisa hail the happy
day ;
With pleasure she, this ready tri-
bute pays,
And wishes Henry, health and
length of days.

Oh ! may each blessing at thy wish
descend,
And heav'n born peace thy rising
years attend.
Tho' no proud title swell thy ho-
nest fame,
Or sounds of honour grace thy
worthy name.

Virtue alone, hath made thee
truly great,
And smiling fortune blest thy
happy fate ;
To thee doth sensibility belong,
And meek humanity's persuasive
tongue :

'Tis their's to draw the sympa-
thetic tear,
And bid thy bosom heave the
sigh sincere :
For other's woes, (thank heav'n
not thine own)
Those soft effusions are so am-
ply shewn.

Such

Such gen'rous feelings speak a
noble mind,

A heart pathetic, and a taste re-
fin'd:

Those gentle virtues animate the
breast,

Whilst love and friendship mark
thee truly blest.

Friendship! the soul of ev'ry
chaste desire,

Warms thy fond bosom with her
sacred fire;

On thee she sheds her unremitting
rays,

And gilds the morning of thy ri-
pen'd days.

LOUISA.



On Mrs. POOR, at P—th.

THE nymph that with riches
abounds,

The breast of each shepherd
alarms;

The proverb says, "Ten thou-
sand pounds,

"Is sure to have ten thousand
charms!"

When beauty or title e'en fails,
'Tis gold can a lover pro-
cure;

Yet, strange! not a nymph that
here dwells,

But wishes herself to be *Poor*.



THE WREN'S NEST.

MAKK as you pass that hum-
ble shed!

"Why, what can strike one
there?"

Ev'n this; it lifts its shelt'ring
head,

O'er a sweet warbling pair.

What are they plucking? see
Tom, see,

"'Tis moss from off that
bough,"

For building sure!—but can it be?
It is, it is, I vow!

December they can turn to
spring!

That I cou'd do the same!

Ev'n birds, howe'er we scorn
the things,

Shall cloathe mankind with
shame.

Your pleasing task, ye wrens pur-
sue,

And winter-scenes defy!

Was I as innocent as you,

Not pain shou'd force a sigh.

Mark how they ply the busy bill!
How fast the nest they form!

Sweet birds! put forth all your
skill;

Your nest had need be warm.

O live, ye moralizing pair,

That winter's nest, to rear!

Let *Tabby* touch it if she dare!

No *Wicked* boy come near!

I dread the most, some *Norway*
rat,

From you old rotten thatch;

My little wrens, ne'er dream of
that,

Dream only that you hatch.

And now the female's on her nest;
How snug she sits! how still!

T

And

And there's the male, with blessing blest,
For mark his laden bill.

Instinct how true, in ev'ry kind!
How wise the maker, God!
Let man, who boasts a reas'ning mind,
Be true to reason's nod.

This let him be, or let the wren
Still cloathe his pride in shame;
This let him be, or let us men,
Renounce th' imperial name.

V.

CONSTANCY.

Adressed to Miss P——s.

WHAT resolutions do I form,
To quit love's killing fire;
But all in vain; for ah! how soon
The daring thoughts expire.

Honour and pride I often rouse,
And give them strict command;
But—when my charming foe appears,
They cowardly disband.

One dart from her heart-piercing eyes,
(Eyes I'm undone to meet,) throws
all my boasted faculties,
At the lov'd tyrant's feet.

In vain, alas! 'tis quite in vain,
To struggle with my fate;
For I can never cease to love,
Altho' repaid with hate!

Tho' to my rival's flatt'ring tongue,

She lends a list'ning ear;
Yet can she never, never make
My heart turn insincere.

Let patience then to me impart,
What other swains have borne;
So will it teach my timid heart,
To bear my D***y's scorn.

O that she'd timely disbelieve,
His seeming wit and sense;
And wisely think how some deceive,

By artful, artful eloquence!

But oh! in vain do I contrive
Her flinty heart to move!
Yet—'till I cease to be alive,
I cannot cease to love.

CASTALIO.

The LILY of the VALE.

THE fragrant lily of the vale,
So elegant and fair,
Whose sweets perfume the fanning gale,
To Phebe I compare.

What tho' on earth it lowly grows,
And strives its head to hide;
Its sweetness far outvies the rose,
That flaunts with so much pride.

The costly tulip owes its hue,
To many a gaudy stain;
In this, we view the virgin white,
Of innocence remain.

See how the curious florist's hand,
Repairs its humble head,

And

And to preserve the charming
flow'r,
Transports it to its bed :

There, while it sheds its sweets
around,
How shines each modest grace;
Enraptur'd, how its owner stands,
To view its lovely face,

But pray fair Phebe—now ob-
serve,
The inference of my tale,
May I the florist be—and thou
My lily of the vale.



The TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

I Have heard—and indeed I be-
gin to believe,
That a woman's great pleasure is
man to deceive ;
That each turn of her eye is di-
rected by art,
And that language sincere never
flows from her heart.

I have heard—and indeed I have
frequently seen,
That a man is no more than a
supple machine,
In the hands of a woman, of spi-
rit and skill,
Who can turn him about with
the breath of her will.

I have heard—I have seen—but I
hope I can say,
That I have not yet felt a soft con-
queror's sway ;
With the sex I am ready to romp
free as air,
But to take *one* for life—*that's ano-*
ther affair.

Thus on woman young Colin de-
livered his mind,
And laugh'd loudly at those who
in wedlock were join'd ;
But his firmest resolves 'gainst the
conjugal state,
Were all light, before Lucy they
all wanted weight.

To his Lucy he listen'd one even-
ing so long,
While she threw out her voice in
a sensible song ;
That he rose the next morning,
determin'd to wed,
To his Lucy by love, far from
liberty led.



Epigram.

A Gentle *No*, said with a smile,
Is worth a hundred *Yeses* ;
Not but I languish all the while,
To taste your balmy kisses :

But when I seize that rapt'rous
joy,
Pray seemingly resist,
And whilst you willingly comply,
Cry out,—I won't be kiss'd.



*To a Lady who had a Penny for
my Thought.*

A Penny! it is for a thought
Of mine, dear B——, if so
you've bought,
The trifle much to high.
Howe'er, you pay with so much
grace,
You've left another in its place,
The world's too poor to buy.

S. F.

FOREIGN

Foreign News.

Warsaw, April 5th. The sitting of the Diet, which is just begun, is rendered auspicious by the unanimity with which the Dietines have approved and accepted the Constitution of May 3, 1791. The Marshal of the Crown, in a very elegant speech, congratulated the Assembly and the Nation upon the harmony which subsisted in the realm, in which he said the finger of providence was so visible, that he could do no less than propose the 3d of May next, to celebrate in the most solemn manner as a day of thanksgiving, and that, on that day, the first stone of a church should be laid to be consecrated to *the Divine Providence*. To render the ceremony the more august, M. Malachouky proposed, that the deputies sent by the different Dietines to present thanks for the new Constitution be received that day. Prince Sapieha, Marshal of Lithuania, supported the proposals of his colleague in a speech more energetic, if possible, than that of the Marshal of the Crown, in which he expatiated at large upon the establishment of the new Constitution without trouble or bloodshed; and after acknowledging the obligations that the Nation is under to the King, (next to the Supreme Being) he thanked his Majesty particularly on the part of his province, and assured him, that Lithuania would yield to no part of the state in attachment, fidelity and gratitude.

Birmingham, April 16th. On Friday afternoon last, the inhabitants of Bromsgrove were alarmed and distressed beyond description, by one of the most sudden and violent inundations ever known:—Between three and four o'clock, during a storm, accompanied with loud and continued claps of thunder, and the most vivid lightning, a water spout fell upon that part of the Lickey which is nearest the town.

The pouring down of the cataract was heard to a great distance, and the body of water taking a direction towards Bromsgrove, soon swept away every thing before it, laid down the hedges, washed quantities of grain from barns and malt-houses, destroyed tan-yards, and so strong was the current, that it floated through the town a waggon loaded with skins. The inhabitants of the place had no time to take the necessary precautions;—almost in an instant the cellars and under-kitchens were filled to the top, and every thing in them overturned.

In a few minutes the water entered at the parlour windows, covered the counters of shops, and in the principal streets it rose and continued upwards of five feet perpendicular from the pavement. The horses in some of the inn-stables stood up to their tails in water; pigs washed from their styes were swimming through the passages of the houses situated between the brook and the principal streets, down which quantities of furniture, brewing utensils, and cloathing, shop articles, grain, garden-pales, gates, wheelbarrows,

barrows, pigs, dogs, timber, &c. were carried in one mass by the impetuous torrent.

Many of the inhabitants, who happened to be at their neighbours, could not that evening return home. A house on the borders of the Lickey was thrown down by the force of the water, though we do not hear any were destroyed in Bromsgrove; but the damage sustained by the shopkeepers, and particularly the hucksters, must be very great.



Domestic News.

Philadelphia, August 4th.

IN consequence of notice given in the newspapers, and the adjournment that took place on the Monday evening before, a number of citizens assembled in the state-house yard, on Tuesday the 31st. at 3 o'clock, P. M. on the subject of appointing conferrees, &c. At half past three, an attempt was made to proceed to business, and Mr. McKean and Mr. Powell both named for chairmen. After a noisy contest of *Yes* and *No*, those two gentlemen declined serving on the present occasion. Other names were proposed, and among them Messrs. Morris and Barclay. Mr. Wilson endeavoured to decide which name commanded a majority, and a division for this purpose was three times effected; but the meeting was so numerous, that it was found impossible to determine which was the largest mass, or to

decide the question by enumeration. A last endeavour was made by the friends to conferrees, to place Mr. Morris in the chair; some confusion ensued, and the meeting was dissolved in a tumultuous and disorderly manner.

A few days since, arrived in this river, from Hamburg, the brig Catharine, with upwards of one hundred and thirty passengers. They are intended to form a settlement in the Genesee country, and are to be joined by five hundred more of their countrymen in a short time.

On Sunday (July 22) the following melancholy accident happened at the camp near Alexandria, in Virginia. Serjeant Keech, of Capt. Hannah's company, going through the manual exercise with a corporal, the latter had chanced to take up a musket, which, for a particular purpose, had been left loaded. When they came to the fatal words—"Present—Fire"—the corporal did so, and lodged the contents in the serjeant's body, which instantly put a period to his existence.

Capt. Anderson, in the brig Sally, arrived on Thursday, in 15 days from Eustatius, brings accounts, that, on Saturday, 14. a gale of wind happened at the windward islands, that was somewhat alarming. It blew from S. to S. S. E. and continued about 8 hours with violence. That at Eustatius, most of the vessels put to sea, several lost their anchors, and had not returned on Tuesday the 17th. At Old Roads, St. Kitts, a large ship, being unable to put to sea, was driven on shore, having

having on board 500 hhds. of sugar, which, with the ship was entirely lost. At Guadaloupe and Martinico they had not heard of any damage, but suppose at Basseterre and St. Pierre, they must have been much exposed. He also relates, that at these islands, there are great apprehensions of a hurricane this month.

On Wednesday arrived here the ship *Pennsylvania*, Capt. Harding from Havre de Grace, which place she left the 6th of June. American produce, at that time was low, and there were pleasing accounts of plentiful crops all over France.

*Extract of a letter from Bermuda.
July 28.*

"The ship *Sovereign*, Capt. Welsh, which arrived at Barbadoes the 13th Inst. from London, on her passage out, spoke the Lord Camden East-Indiaman, bound home with government dispatches from Lord Cornwallis, containing the particulars of the taking Seringapatam, after a severe conflict, but that Tippoo escaped. After the capture, Tippoo entered into treaty with the combined powers in the most humiliating manner, in which he gave up half his kingdom, was to pay three millions sterling in money, one half of which was to be immediately paid down in camp, and the other half in twelve months; his two eldest sons were given as hostages, for the due performance of the treaty.

DEATHS—In England.

Mr. William Boddington, high constable of Finsbury division. He had attended, in his official capacity, at the execution of Francis Hubbard, who suffered sometime since in Hatton-garden, for the murder of Jordan Hosty; and a minute or two after that malefactor had been turned off, Mr. Boddington fainted, and, being taken home in a coach, was put to bed, from which he rose no more. About four years since, information being made of a disorderly meeting at an ale-house in Turnmill-street, Mr. Boddington was directed by the Bench of Justices to disperse them: he accordingly went to the house; and, upon entering the club-room, the officers were assailed with cutlasses, knives, bludgeons, and other weapons, and were all severely wounded. Hubbard was the man who attacked Mr. Boddington, and wounded him so terribly on the head, breast, and shoulders, with a cutlass, that his recovery was for several months despaired of.

A lady of the name of Griggs, at an advanced age in Southampton Row. Her fortune was 30,000*l.* at the time of her decease. Her executors found in her house 86 living and 28 dead cats. Her mode of interring her favourites was, as they died to place them in different boxes, which was heaped one upon another in closets.—She had a black female servant—to her she has left 150*l.* per ann. to keep the favourites whom she left alive.

THE